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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

JUNE 15.
1938

Look Out for Marijuana

By Jack Mosher

Portrait of Lord Halifax

By Beverley Baxter

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In the Editor's Confidence

WE HAVE been asleep at the switch. Three years eight and a half months ago Maclean's published an article "What Price Europe?" by Erland Echlin, in which he foretold Hitler's plan for achieving German expansion in Europe. And throughout the sensations of the past few months which were daily demonstrating the accuracy of Mr. Echlin's news sources, we failed to remember what we had done!

At that time, having just returned from a visit to Berlin, Mr. Echlin wrote:

> "No (German) soldier will be expended to gain a foot of territory. A new method of regaining lost ground is proposed in the plebiscite politics of the future. By this plan adjacent minorities will be encouraged to express constitutionally a preference, which choice will be backed by the whole economic and moral weight of a revitalized Fatherland."

We didn't remember it until the other day when Mr. Echlin (who for the past year or two has been a European correspondent for Time) popped in to see us. "Well," he said, "was I right?" We must have looked at him rather blankly because he followed through with "Look at page forty-three of Maclean's October 1, 1934, issue." So we did. We just don't deserve to have a scoop that call. However Mr. Echlin has a mellow disposition. He is going back to Europe and he has promised to do some more news-digging for us.

¶ WE AREN'T any good at training a dog, either. When we published a series of articles on that subject we memorized the whole course and spent many hours trying to impart just a broad, general idea of the thing to our dog. But it meant nothing to him at all. He's a jovial, chummy dog. He is very fond of us. But he won't do a single blessed thing we tell him to. So you will realize at once how interested we were in the situation provided by Max Brand in his story "Devil Dog" on page seven. No two men could have been more different than Gresham and Jarvis. One decent, the other a brute. Yet each had his way of winning the loyalty or obedience of a ferocious husky dog. Inevitably there had to be a test. And the test was a dramatic one, even for Alaska and the Yukon.

¶ ALL OVER the North American continent there are plenty of authorities who will tell you that the Oracle of Sport is Elmer Ferguson, sports editor of the Montreal *Herald*. For more than thirty-five years Fergie has been reporting and commenting on sport. Because of his varied activities, he has a personal acquaintance with more big sports figures than any other sports writer living. He probably has seen every Stanley Cup series since around 1912; he has been at the ringside at every big fight since Dempsey knocked out Carpentier. He has been a race track official and secretary of the Montreal Boxing Commission. To him we put the questions: "What was the most dramatic moment you have witnessed in thirty-five years of sport? Who's the biggest individual figure? What's the funniest thing you ever saw?" And on page ten Elmer W. Ferguson starts with the answers in the colorful, effective style known to sports fans all over the continent.

¶ WHEN A girl announces her engagement to a man she's never met there is bound to be slight trouble when the gent turns up. Similarly it is rather awkward for the man who discovers a murder when the room in which he says it occurred doesn't exist. Both these nasty little problems arise in this issue. The first occurs in "Eve and Adam Inc.," Graeme Darke's story on page twelve. The second in "Crime in Nobody's Room," Carter Dickson's detective story on page sixteen.

Graeme Darke, by the way, is feminine and lives in Vancouver. And Carter Dickson, masculine, lives in England.

¶ IN ALL parts of Canada the police are being instructed to keep a sharp lookout for "Mary Jane." Mary Jane is no winsome youngster who has been reported missing from home. It is the underworld name for marijuana, the latest North American drug menace. In Canada, marijuana is adding young victims to the roll of 8,000 known drug addicts. On occasion it isn't altogether disassociated from the swing craze. You may be further startled to know that marijuana can be and has been grown in large quantities in Ontario. On page eleven Jack Mosher frankly tells the facts concerning it.

¶ CHALLENGED concerning the appointment of Lord Halifax as Foreign Secretary, succeeding Anthony Eden, Prime Minister Chamberlain told Parliament: "I have a ministry of many talents but frankly I could not find among my colleagues those peculiar qualities which made Lord Halifax the best man for the position." What are these qualities? On page fifteen in his London Letter Beverley Baxter takes you to the British Foreign Office and introduces you to its head.

¶ THE SECOND chapter of the amazing story of that Canadian D'Artagnan, Joe Boyle, related by his daughter, Flora Alexander Boyle, will be found on page fourteen.

And our feature film is showing on pages eighteen and nineteen. Its title is "A Day in the Life of a Taxpayer." Its characters will remind you of yourself. And its theme is heartbreaking. Think of what you could buy if you didn't have to spend all that money on taxes!

H. Napier Moore.

Unfinished Portrait of a Doctor

DESPITE the advance of modern medical knowledge, many people are still back in the "Gay Nineties" in their conception of what the doctor can do for them.

The picture they hold of the doctor and the knowledge at his disposal is, for today, an incomplete picture—an "unfinished portrait."

All of us picture the doctor as the one to call on to treat or cure us when we're sick. Many of us know him also as the one who, through preventive measures, can safeguard us against ever having certain diseases. But there's a third part of this picture of a doctor that few of us fully recognize—that is, the doctor as the one to help us attain more *abundant* health.

What is meant by "more abundant health"? [illegible] you [illegible] feeling pretty "chipper"? Here are a few examples of what we mean.

You may have eye strain—a totally unsuspected visual defect. With this condition discovered and corrected the chances are you'll find yourself with new mental and physical energy for work and play.

You may be over-weight or under-weight. Obviously that is not actual sickness. But correction of the condition may let you approach with zest certain pastimes or hobbies you have gradually given up because the fatigue they induced robbed them of their fun.

A knee or ankle may bother you enough so that your golf clubs or tennis rackets are gathering dust, or so that you're obliged to rule those little [illegible] walking to work. Your doctor [illegible] give you back the pleasure of your former, unhampered stride.

In other words, the doctor of today makes a three-fold contribution to [illegible] well-being. He can *restore* health, *safeguard* health and *enhance* health. Acquiring this complete picture of him is an aid to [illegible] a richer, more productive, more enjoyable life.

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Maclean's Editorials

One Hopeful Note

AS THIS issue of *Maclean's* went to press Premier Aberhart of Alberta had crossed his own frontier and was campaigning for a Putsch that would make a Social Credit vassal state of Saskatchewan

Senator Meighen was warning that as a result of Alberta's debt legislation Canada is "right on the edge of a crisis and the crisis means disintegration"

The Duplessis Government in Quebec emulating the Hepburn Government in Ontario was extending a frozen mitt to the Royal Commission on Dominion Provincial Relations

Prime Minister King to placate a restless caucus and stimulate a convention of the National Liberal Federation was hurling a challenge to any political party or special interests which would promote provincialism or separatism in Canada

The Liberal Federation itself was reaffirming its faith in the democratic and parliamentary system and opposing "the promotion of communism fascism nazism separatism sectionalism provincialism and all other isms inconsistent with Liberal principles"

Meanwhile Parliament was engaged in an ism which doesn't seem to be inconsistent with any party's principles Polyphonism Meaning Multiplicity of sound

The Government itself was practicing Stallingism stalling the budget stalling word of the long awaited United States Canadian Trade Treaty stalling promised legislation pending the report of the Rowell Commission stalling anything which might possibly be considered as pre-election bait until after the Conservatives in convention assembled pick a new leader and a new battle cry

Veteran members of the Commons were agreeing with veteran members of the Press Gallery that this was the most futile Parliament in Canadian history

Large audiences of businessmen in many cities and towns were cheering speakers who like Mayor Bone of Belleville were declaring that our provincial and federal governments in Canada are concerned more with politics and job seeking than with the business of government

And throughout the land taxpaying citizens who a year or two ago would have been horrified at the thought of being taken for an ism were expressing scepticism over the ability of the democratic and parliamentary system ever to straighten out the sorry mess

We do not suppose there will be any change by the time this edition is in your hands

And yet we feel slightly more hopeful about things than we have felt for some time

The fact that in Ottawa the parliamentarians have got something in the nature of jitters is indicative of the fact that public anger against vacillation and party "expediency" has made itself felt

At last there is dawning upon the old line politicians a realization that the rise of the Social Crediters the Separatists and the Isms has been in large part due to the smothering of business-like administration by party politics and by party greed by lack of action and leadership

That will be an encouragement to those good men in office and there are some good men in office who have been blocked and sickened by machine dictates

Then too the tax ridden citizens are at last realizing that they themselves perpetuate incompetency when they say "Oh it doesn't make much difference whom I vote for one's as bad as the other" They are learning that politics start in the ward that if they want better representation they must use *their* influence and raise *their* voices at the source when delegates are named and candidates nominated

They are realizing that it is out of their apathy and not out of their impotency that the political machines have become so largely producers of party rubber stamps

With that awakening there should come reinforcements to those in public life who are eager to serve the country's best interests

Someone has said that the main weakness of democracy is that any man with power enough to correct its faults has power to end it

Only the people themselves can improve government in a democracy We have a notion that out of the present welter of unrest improvement will come

Those Aberhart Goblins

PREMIER ABERHART facile platform and radio narrator of Grim Fairy Tales continues to chill the spines of his hearers with stories of a small group of cruel and rapacious barons who disguised as loan trust and insurance companies take a keen delight in making life unbearable for the people of the West

Actually Canadian trust companies are comprised of some 70 000 deposit accounts averaging $384 an account There are about 17 900 holders of guaranteed investment certificates averaging $2 450 per certificate

Loan companies comprise about 80 568 deposit accounts averaging $358 per account and 66 477 debenture holders averaging about $1 250 each

Life insurance companies represent about 3 500 000 policyholders with average assets of $478

The moneys that were loaned on farm mortgages in the West were in fact the small savings of hundreds of thousands of Canadians

The companies do not pretend to have been "big hearted" They couldn't be with the savings of other people But they did recognize the fact that thousands of farmers were in difficulty by reason of poor crops and low prices and with the co-operation of the Government in Saskatchewan they did enter into a practical plan of individual debt adjustment which they believed would carry the endorsement of their own creditors as well as of fair minded citizens.

In the drought area alone these adjustments have resulted in write-offs by the companies themselves of more than $18 000,000

You don't hear much about them, but there are a large number of Western farmers who have a good word to say for the trust and loan companies.

Keys

IN THE hip pocket of our pants we carry a key case On its hooks there are at this moment seventeen keys We have forgotten what ten of them are for

At home in a drawer we have a bunch of keys as big as your fist All we know is that they lock up something We're hazy as to what it is they do lock up

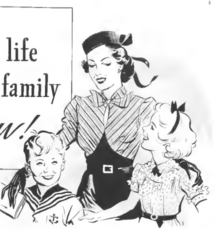
What made us think about them was an old clipping we came across It contained a piece written by a friend of ours that genial philosopher Fred C Kelly

"Everything you feel obliged to put a lock on means one more worry" wrote Fred "No matter how simply your life is arranged you probably have to lug keys about with you Even if one's possessions consist only of a few odds and ends in a suitcase in a boardinghouse room it is still necessary to carry keys to the room the suitcase and the front door

"Keys are a penalty of civilization Each and every key on your key ring is a symbol of potential trouble It represents responsibility it fits a lock intended to protect something that you are concerned about

"Select a hundred men at random, study their faces for lines of care and then count the number of keys they carry Wouldn't there be a fair chance that the man with the most keys has the most worried expression?"

We'll have to leave this question for a moment We must run downstairs and make sure that we locked the car



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for your family
...Now!

"WAITING FOR SHIPS TO COME IN" may be a harmless form of wishful planning but it is of no practical value in creating the more abundant life RIGHT NOW!

No longer is it necessary to wait for the better things of life until that distant day when a large sum can be spared from the family budget

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—and pay for it out [illegible]
of income

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• • • • • • •

The Commercial Credit Corporation [illegible] a great finance institution [illegible] offers you a time-payment plan which enables you to invest regularly small part of your income in durable possessions contributing to family health comfort and happiness This is a form of saving that pays dividends in better living When you buy on time ask your dealer to finance your purchase on the Commercial Credit Corporation plan and you may enjoy the advantages of low [illegible] courteous treatment with adequate protection

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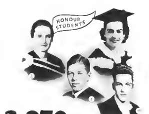

3,970

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The Parker Fountain Pen Co., Limited, Toronto. Also New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Factories: Toronto and Janesville, Wis.

HONOUR STUDENTS

1. Annie P. Graham, McGill University, '38, says: *The [illegible] McGill student [illegible]*
2. Agnes Regina Lahr, University of Manitoba, '38, says: *[illegible] the graduates voted for Parker than for all other makes combined.*
3. George B. Donaldson, University of Toronto, '38, says: *[illegible] voted for Parker by [illegible]*
4. Ronald C. Merriam, Queen's University, '38, says: *[illegible] Queen's [illegible] turned [illegible] to be [illegible] of Parker*

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Jarvis lay flat on his back, huge feet sticking up in the snowshoes

ILLUSTRATED BY
H. W. McCREA

Devil Dog

Two men and a dog—and a feud as grim and relentless as the Arctic itself

By MAX BRAND

SAMUEL CORNWALL GRESHAM was one of those fellows who have the blunt, square jaw of a fighter and the will power to hold it. As a matter of fact he had a lot of fighting to do, because his habit was not to take advice but to figure out everything for himself. For instance, when he wanted to go through a medical school he decided to make the money for it by digging gold. The place in which he chose to dig gold was Alaska; the particular spot he selected was one of those dreary little forests scattered through a bog frozen over in winter; and the methods he chose were what he found written up in books about '98.

No one but a convinced old sourdough or a Samuel Cornwall Gresham would have faced the loneliness of that existence singlehanded, but it never occurred to Gresham to look for a partner. He wanted to dig his own money and save it by himself. He never had asked another human being into his life. He had no friends. He never had been in love, and one look at his grim face, always set toward tomorrow's purpose, was enough to freeze up all the joy and fun and affection in any girl.

His purpose now was to save $1,600. A four-year medical course, eight months a year, $50 a month, would cost $1,600. In his first Alaskan year he travelled as a stowaway and work-away, then did manual labor at the high Alaskan rates, got together some dogs, discovered that the biggest of the lot was only a six-months-old puppy, which he therefore sold, and finally followed a foolish barroom story to the district in which he pegged out his claim. There, through the dark of the winter, he cut frozen trees to make fires to thaw the frozen ground of the bog, and labored and mucked and washed until he had $800 out of [illegible] the [illegible].

This second winter found him at the same [illegible] brutal, grinding, blind life. [illegible] he kept no count of days. There was no clock in his existence except the annual set of the sun, the rising of it, the thaw and freezing of the great river. When he had worked to exhaustion he turned into his sleeping bag; when the walls of his stomach clove together with starvation he warmed frozen beans in a frying pan together with pork grease, and ate. He lived with his face turned to the ground. Even the aurora borealis could not draw up his soul and his eyes to thank God for the beauty of the "merry dancers." He merely found the light a winter convenience. And as the months went by one deep [illegible] between his [illegible].

When [illegible] body begged pitifully for [illegible] winter, but as usual [illegible] he summoned that [illegible] slow. Then he [illegible] which was his chief [illegible] they rattled like [illegible]. His [illegible] dogs sat down and [illegible] eyes. He put two small frozen [illegible] brought from the shelf [illegible] pot with [illegible]. When they were thawed he gave a fish to each dog.

The stove turned red hot. Above the level of its top the air in the little log cabin was almost tropically warm, but his legs walked around in hoarfrost. There had been a big change in temperature. He could hear the frost gnawing its teeth deeper into the trees outside.

That was when the door opened and Jarvis stood on the threshold with a rifle. He knew Jarvis because it was to him that he had sold the overgrown puppy a year and a half before. Jarvis was as big as a mountain, but he was a beast, not a man. Instead of a beard he had fur on his face, and his breath had sheathed the hair on his chin with ice. Gresham's two dogs, Midge and Charley, knew that it was not a man but a brute. They came out of their corner with the devil in their eyes and their teeth bared, snarling.

Jarvis said, "Chris, take 'em!"

The biggest thing that Gresham ever had seen in the way of a dog or a wolf slid in past his master. He was covered with a soft grey fluff against the Arctic weather

The [illegible] would [illegible] screams [illegible]

Jarv[illegible] the pointing [illegible] Gresham [illegible]

"H[illegible]"

"Chris," said Jarvis [illegible]?"

In the [illegible] of Gresham [illegible] about to say that he had just [illegible] the winter, but then he realized that a [illegible] with dog murder would not be settled [illegible]

Jarvis pointed [illegible] at the great dog and said, "Maybe you know [illegible] enough to fight dogs and that he's gotta be watched [illegible]!"

Then he turned his back, kicked open the door of the shed and [illegible] into the dark of it. There was only a vague [illegible] behind. It came from the red of the stove [illegible] the cracks of the stove door, besides the [illegible] rings of pale lantern light as Jarvis entered the shed. There was not much need of light [illegible] was not tempted to try to escape; he could see [illegible] Chris by the wild green devil in the eyes [illegible]. The husky [illegible] overgrown [illegible] or whatever [illegible] was [illegible] ready to go and only restrained by [illegible] little [illegible] certainty. He seemed [illegible] the killer's instinct [illegible] by degrees, with his mane ruffled up and his [illegible] back from his fangs. The light dripped [illegible] like the teeth of a grizzly.

Gresham had no way at all with women but God had given him a way with dogs. He said very quietly, "Hello, boy, do you think you've ever smelled this chunk of bacon the head before? [illegible] easy, old son."

He went on talking like that though Chris made a little jump, not very far toward him, and it seemed to Gresham that the green went out of those eyes and the mane fell and the teeth were no longer bared. He made sure, a moment later, that the big brute—only a Mackenzie River husky ever could grow to that poundage—surely was actually sniffing at his bare hand.

That was when it came over him that he might have a chance to pat the dog long enough to get to his revolver which hung [illegible] belt and holster against the wall. He was no man to try [illegible] defensive with that overgrown beast, Jarvis, but it was like Gresham to make a man-to-man fight of it. [illegible] and revolver against rifle would suit him well enough at close quarters.

HE TOOK a chance of losing his hand at the wrist by reaching out a [illegible] and touching the muzzle of that big killer. Chris ducked his head back with a snaky feinting movement like one of those lightning feints which make a wolf [illegible] for any dog, but an instant later the [illegible] Chris was sniffing at that same hand and this time Gresham managed to touch the fur between the eyes. He felt the brute shudder under his fingertips. Yet what came out of the throat of the husky was not a growl but a whine, very soft [illegible] that astonished Gresham to the soul. He was so surprised that he spent an instant reaching for an explanation. Then he remembered that overgrown full [illegible] puppy what he had sold to Jarvis. He remembered also the bad [illegible] of distemper through which he had nursed that youngster [illegible] that Chris had not forgotten.

By that time his hand was petting the head of the dog, and a whine was keeping that massive skull always in slight tremor. Another moment and Gresham would have been up and reaching for his gun, but just then Jarvis came back with the lantern light swinging his huge shadow waves and breakings of darkness across the wall. He [illegible] a tarpaulin like a handkerchief with 100 pounds [illegible] inside it. This he dumped on the table and kicked [illegible] something which he tossed inside.

"There's three days' rations," he said. "You can [illegible] the cabins up on Willow Creek with that chuck [illegible] reason I gotta get out [illegible] my dogs got in my stuff and [illegible] a week's grub in ten minutes. [illegible] And besides, Alaska [illegible] me something when I [illegible] out. [illegible] Alaska [illegible] to get rid of me, eh?"

He began to laugh as he said this. His voice had [illegible] bubbling in it, as though he had just been eating [illegible]. It sounded like a seal barking. Then he was holding the lantern up head high and staring with immense [illegible] nightmare.

"Chris!" he shouted.

The husky bounded clear across the room [illegible] Jarvis came striding to the stool [illegible] He roared at him, "What you done to that dog [illegible]"

"I've talked to him," said Gresham. He [illegible] of Jarvis. The man was in a sweat that [illegible] accounted for by the heat of the room.

"You h[illegible]," said Jarvis. "[illegible] your hand. Leave me see what's in your hand!"

Gresham opened his empty palms.

"Nothing!" whispered Jarvis. Then his [illegible]

[illegible]

A [illegible]

He [illegible]

[illegible] squarely at his [illegible] Gresham. He put [illegible] his eyes under [illegible] him. The heart of Gresham swelled [illegible]. He heard Jarvis muttering over [illegible], "What's he gone and done to Chris?"

Then the [illegible] man broke into a roaring tantrum.

"[illegible] grub from here to Willow Creek!" he shouted, [illegible] up what he had left on the table and dropping it back in the tarpaulin. "You done something to Chris. I [illegible] take and pull the wishbone outa you. You Chris, you cursed fool!"

He took a mighty kick at the dog, but Chris was out of the cabin and into the night like a grey streak of lightning and Jarvis rushed after him, still cursing.

It took Gresham a breath to come back to himself and the realization that he had been cleaned out of food. It was fifty miles to Willow Creek and in the Arctic night the blizzard blew up [illegible] he was attempting the march.

Then something else startled him. He ran into the shed with the lantern and stretched out his hand toward the little buckskin sack that contained the gold. It was gone. It was more than gold. It was nearly two years of his life. He [illegible] and [illegible] hand [illegible] but he blundered on until he was deep in the [illegible] cold lashed him down the back and brought him back to his senses.

He went back into the cabin. The opening of the door had allowed the outer air to fill the place with ice-water again.

He stood in the centre of the room for a moment, looking around at the blank walls which had framed those many months. They were empty now. Because he had patted the head of a dog the fruit of his labor was snatched away from him. He looked down at his right hand curiously as though the magic that had been in its touch might be visible.

FIFTY MILES of rough ground, snow, and a skin-cutting wind is enough to kill most men, but it did not bother Gresham at all. He had read more than the books of '98 by this time; he knew something about the methods of that genius who has opened the doors of the Arctic wider than all other men, the great Stefansson. So he walked till he was tired and then lay down in the snow to sleep. Most mushers are afraid to do that. The legend is that the traveller who lies down must surely die in his sleep, but unless the brain of a man is drugged by exhaustion the cold will rouse him after fifteen or twenty minutes of repose that is almost more than food to the weary body. So Gresham slogged on and rested and slogged on again, and the aurora borealis grew up out of the dark to set the landscape trembling and light his way. When actually he reached Willow Creek he told himself that he could have gone twice as far.

Jarvis kept his rifle pointed at Gresham as the dog leaped to the attack.

The [illegible] had a good [illegible] called a house. Wh[illegible] and stoops in the heat, the [illegible] the sweet fume of tea in the air made him a little dizzy. He made out the faces of the men one by one. There were half a dozen of them in the room taking their ease. They had the wherewithal to take it, too. There were even magazines; there was even a book or two. His mouth watered so that he could not speak at once. That was because of the smell of food and tea that was in the room.

A big man with a beard as blotchy as though it had been trimmed with a sheep-shears stood up and said, "It's that Gresham. What you want first? A drink or a smoke? Jimmy, go and look out for his dogs before our mob gets the wind of them and tricks them away for supper."

"I didn't come up with dogs," said Gresham.

Nobody said anything to that, but they looked at one another a bit.

Gresham took a place over by the stove where he could face them all.

He said, "Jarvis stopped at my place with a gun. My two dogs are dead now. And my dust is gone. I had thirty ounces. Jarvis took that. He killed my dogs, he cleaned me out of chuck, and he took my dust."

After that speech he sat down on one of the bunks. Again no one spoke. Then someone got out some jerked beef and somebody else began to mix a flapjack with flour, salt and lard. No one would look at Gresham.

At last the man with the chipped-off beard stood up and kicked at a burned match on the floor.

"All right," he said. "We gotta do something. We gotta do something."

"What d'you want?" asked Gresham.

[illegible]

He [illegible]

"We w[illegible]," [illegible] coldly.

So Gresham knew that [illegible] thing [illegible] again. He always was do[illegible]. Men [illegible] creatures of mysterious d[illegible] it was [illegible] to understand beasts like Jarvis [illegible]. He looked down at his right hand and smiled [illegible]

A moment later an uproar of dogs [illegible] near the house. When the door was flung open Gresham saw just in front of it a snarling, worrying heap of huskies. That heap now burst apart, the savage dogs scattering off to the sides. From under them rose a grey monster with [illegible] husky laid at his feet. He looked after the retreat with a lolling, red laughter.

"Shoot that wolf! Hand me that gun," said the man nearest the door.

"Ha! Don't shoot!" shouted Gresham. "Ha! Ha! Chris!"

HE CALLED out, though his logical brain kept telling him that it was like summoning something out of a dream; the real Chris was far away with the team of his master. But now the dream materialized in actual fact, for the great brute that walked through the doorway was Chris beyond a doubt. He gave a green look out of his eye to the other men, right and left; then he went up to Gresham and sat down at his feet.

"He's killed that good dog Tommy!" said a voice. "Look here, Gresham, I thought you said you didn't [illegible] up here with a dog?"

"[illegible] Barry," directed the man of the beard. "That's Jarvis' new leader. He leads Jarvis' team and he leads Jarvis. He's all the soul that Jarvis has. How come, Gresham? Could that brute Jarvis be on your trail here?"

The hand of Gresham was wandering idly over the head of the husky, and that strange new emotion was awakening again in his heart as he answered, "No, he must have trailed me here. When he was a puppy I sold him to Jarvis. That's all. He thinks he belongs to me." He found himself laughing. "Chris thinks he still belongs to me!" he explained.

"That makes you laugh, does it?" asked the man with the beard.

Everybody else was silent; they seemed to lean their silence like a shoulder behind the opinion of their chief. And Gresham knew that he was more of an outcast among his fellows than ever before. Yet he had not meant laughter at all. That had been to cover up something of unspeakable importance, something within him of which he was not exactly ashamed but which unnerved him.

Then he was eating a meal while three of the men went out to harness a dog team to a sled. He knew that he was making much trouble for them and this filled him with shame. Thirty ounces of gold had seemed something infinitely worth while. The indifference of these people made it appear no more than thirty ounces of stone. It was plain that they were not setting forth to do justice on Jarvis so much because they wanted to get the gold back as because they wanted to see justice done, that impersonal and [illegible] ghost which men call justice.

Once he put down his hand with a bit of bacon in it. The great teeth of the dog closed over bone and flesh, discovered the identity, then turned and extracted the bacon by use of the tongue alone, delicately, an operation as precise as the threading of a needle.

After that he was out with the dogs and three other men and the long sled.

"Get on the sled," said the man with the black beard, whose name was Avery.

"I'll mush with the rest of you. I'm all right," said Gresham.

"Get on the sled, please," directed Avery. "We [illegible] in [illegible] ruddy [illegible] the sled. [illegible] know how to hit [illegible]

[illegible] ran into him," said Avery. [illegible] on the sled, and as the dogs started [illegible] with a tireless lope. Gresham lay [illegible] merry dancers in the sky. The [illegible] standing circle of tides with big [illegible] trembling stems that [illegible] the arch of the sky. After that he [illegible]

HE WAKENED to the tone of a howling wolf. It proved to be Chris, who, with great rush, remained off to one side though the sled was going on.

Gresham jumped off the sled, exclaiming, "Don't you understand? He's found the trail of his man. He's found Jarvis."

Avery looked at him, said nothing, and then swung the team around. They headed in the direction of Chris. When they came closer he started on ahead. At every small distance he was found waiting for them and then loping on ahead.

They kept that up for two days, and though snow often covered the trail deep, Chris still detected it. He would plunge his head deep into the white smother, take a long whiff, and run on.

Gresham, who refused to ride the sled any longer in spite of fatigue, explained this to the others.

"He thinks he's going to bring about a happy reunion between me and Jarvis," he said, and he laughed.

They were silent.

"Because he's split up between Jarvis and me," explained Gresham, "he thinks that he's got to bring us together."

"Perhaps," said Avery dryly.

On the second day they found a sled loaded with bales of fine furs. There were silver fox that made the brain spin, gnawing at it [illegible]. There were mink and sable too. Good sable, almost as dark as the best Russian quality.

"It's worrying him," pronounced Avery. "He's dropped his trail sled. He knows we're after him and he's dropped his trail sled. But it's a funny thing. There are only four of us. Knowing what Jarvis is, why doesn't he turn back and take a crack at us? What are four men to Jarvis?"

The third day they found a patch of trouble. The lead dog fell, biting at the bullet wound in his breast, and then the thong of a rifle flew out at them from a cloudy patch of trees.

[illegible] of the dead dog [illegible]

"If he [illegible] with only the [illegible] to give him light," said Avery, "why didn't he shoot Chris instead? He knows that Chris is the only reason we're able to hound him up the trail."

"Don't you see?" explained Gresham. "He's fond of Chris. He's too fond of him to shoot at him. Queer, isn't it? A beast like that, I mean. But he won't shoot Chris, and Chris is running him down."

Avery looked darkly at this explanation.

"How do you happen to know Jarvis so well?" he asked. "Ever a [illegible]?"

"I don't know. I only guess," said Gresham weakly.

Then was the day he suggested that they try Chris in place of the dead leader. They tried, and the thing worked perfectly so long as Gresham ran at the gee-pole singing out orders. But he had to stay there, or else Chris turned into a devil and wanted to murder the lazy members of the team. So Gresham slaved all of that march.

He did his share of the work when they put up camp also. As he was working there getting a sleeping bag for the night, Avery came and sat by him for a moment.

"Look," said Avery. "You're dead on your feet, but you're mushing further and better than all the rest of us. What keeps you going?"

Gresham put out his hand [illegible] the head of Chris and warmed it with his [illegible] and fingertips.

"Ever have dead years in your life? Ever want to bring them to life?" he asked.

"You mean the gold you worked for?" asked Avery. "You mean you want that back? Yes, of course."

"Well, there's the law, too," said Gresham uncertainly.

Avery grunted. "The dog doesn't play any part in it?" he asked.

Chris, jerking his head around, smelled at the pointing hand. Gresham took hold of the muzzle absently. The big teeth closed on his fingers and gnawed at them softly.

"A dog," said Gresham. "I thought we were talking about robbery and [illegible]."

"I mean," said Avery, "that you're not wanting to wipe out the man who really owns that dog?"

"I?" gasped Gresham. "No!"

"All right," murmured Avery, and went away to his sleeping bag.

BUT Gresham lay awake for some time, thinking. Thirty ounces of gold meant over $1,000, which meant over twenty months of the medical school, which meant two years and a half. How could a dog enter among considerations

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Arena Dramas

Highlights from the sports parade of the last 35 years as recorded by a ringside observer

By ELMER W. FERGUSON

THE ENTERPRISE was [illegible] office of a Montreal burlesque theatre [illegible] afternoon in early 1919. We had [illegible] new star that was blazing up [illegible] young hobo, a semisavage killer with [illegible] his fists, named Jack Dempsey. Some were saying that Dempsey was championship material, that he would batter the crown from the head of big, slothful, well-worn Jess Willard.

This Dempsey [illegible] the show business remarked wistfully that [illegible]

Jack Dempsey . . . he gave the kid a break

of good fighters, leading lots of them with [illegible] less fury that made his fight short but drama packed. Now he was matched with Willard [illegible] on the strength of this, and his array of quick crashing knockout victories, he was no end of [illegible] fashioned face meeting, of course.

Would he be seen in Montreal? Well, why not? Right then the enterprise was born. We [illegible] would bring this Dempsey to Montreal. We would need dual backing [illegible] and these were the cornered promoters [illegible]. My [illegible] would be the press work, the beating of the publicity tom-toms. So it was agreed.

But the preliminaries didn't go so well. [illegible] partner dropped out. [illegible] of the Dempsey appearance [illegible] partner at all [illegible] thoughtfully wired him [illegible] wishes in the enterprise. [illegible] for [illegible]

Dempsey came to Montreal for the [illegible] ing. That was the only [illegible] tinged with woe. [illegible] facing the possible [illegible] losses, it was going to be [illegible] me. In the sight of the [illegible]

I thought it might be well to [illegible] to young Mr. Dempsey [illegible] dressing in a basement [illegible] silent figure in the [illegible] hard, embittered face [illegible] rough, wild life had stamped [illegible]. With him sat Jack Kearns. He was slim [illegible] then, with a face that [illegible] hard and cold with the [illegible] where money is [illegible]. Ice water [illegible] blood [illegible] very last cent [illegible] was his god [illegible]. His eyes were flinty agate. They softened [illegible] listened with ill-concealed impatience [illegible] promoter's tale of woe.

"What do I care about that?" he said cynically [illegible] of cold finality. "We're guaranteed $600. Come across."

Your correspondent replied sadly that he hadn't six bucks, admitted the outlook was none too good, and [illegible] he'd all gamble together [illegible] sport.

Mr. [illegible] knew [illegible] to communicate with [illegible] concern [illegible] $600 guarantee. [illegible]

Dempsey's Magnetism

DEMPSEY had been silent, fiddling with trunks and shoes. He looked up, speaking briefly. "Hey, Doc," [illegible] in his curiously high pitched voice, so contrasting with the face that seemed always half snarling, "give the kid a break."

"Sap," said Mr. Kearns mildly. "There's $600 coming to us."

"Okey, okey," said Dempsey. "Give him a break anyway."

So Kearns, muttering in disdain at this exhibition of humanity, gave the kid a break. The show drew well. It had to, then. Dempsey got paid and we [illegible].

The boys of the writing craft in our town looked him over that night, and shook their heads. "Crude," said one. "Not champion material."

"Doesn't measure up to the champions of yesteryear," solemnly wrote another.

The next champion of the world buoyantly yearned [illegible] possibly less through ability to judge men and events, is reflecting the unforgettable Dempsey reflection [illegible] where he told hard faced Kearns, "Give the kid a break."

Eddie Shore . . . shook hands with . . . "Ace" Bailey

I always want [illegible] Dempsey [illegible] look [illegible] [illegible] that. When he was being branded a slacker, I doubt if anyone was more indignant [illegible] your correspondent. Of the facts [illegible] I know practically nothing. But [illegible] fooling the United States Government [illegible] to take [illegible] the day and get away with it.

Oddly, Dempsey doesn't [illegible] that. [illegible] a newspaper visited him [illegible] reviewing [illegible] sport.

[illegible] said Dempsey. [illegible] slacker [illegible]

This is the kind [illegible] guy Dempsey is. You wouldn't think [illegible] something [illegible] paper that [illegible] his [illegible] country.

Dempsey, Munroe, the Carpentiers, strong personalities [illegible] personalities [illegible] sport over a [illegible] stretch. But of them all, Dempsey [illegible] more personal magnetism for this writer than all [illegible] combined. Not common to me either. It's twelve [illegible] he lost the title, but he's still a vivid and compelling figure in the world of sports.

I [illegible] theory on that. Dempsey is still popular because he typified everything that even those who infrequently rub elbows with the prize ring, who get their ideas and notions from the newspapers, want their fistic champions to be: not skilled, smooth, punching boxers, but semisavage, starkly brutal, rushing, murdering swashbucklers who scuffle [illegible] restless feet in the resin while listening impatiently to the referee's final instructions, who glower blackly at the floor while listening, not even looking at their opponent, who at the bell go tearing with catapulting venom, with murder in their hearts and dynamite in their fists, to batter and smash their way to victory or go out fighting. In brief, they want Dempseys. He was, not only to the promoters and handlers and the box office but to the vast majority, the man in the street, just what a champion of the ring should be.

The Most Dramatic Event

DRAMA crowds the sports picture always if you want to see it, if you have an eye for the colorful, the unusual. Perhaps it's the instinctive ability to grasp these things that makes a few sports writers rise to greatness in their profession. Sport has grown to such important heights that in the last few years, its tales have rolled from typewriters hammered by master craftsmen of the writing art. Some of the finest literature in journalism today is found on the sports page, penned by writers who don't [illegible] rise in blasé sophistication above the [illegible] scene and view it with a barely tolerant and patronizing eye, but who overlook what is sordid and crude and, instead, grasp its vigorous, throbbing, gripping drama.

Damon Runyon is among the more notable of these. He sees not only the high humor but also senses the drama. Dan Parker, most brilliant penman in all the world's cavalcade of sports writers today, a writer who sees not only the picture but often sees through it, has written some [illegible] drama. The late Lou Marsh, plain speaking, hard hitting, could write starkly [illegible] fashion about the theatricals that blur both in sport, could grasp the unusual and portray it vividly. Andy Lytle, purveyor of smooth and firm passages. Baz O'Meara, catching both drama and drollery, extracting a chuckle along the route. Little Frankie Graham, whose "House Where A Champion Lived" left many a dampened eye. Grantland Rice, who has gracefully heroized sports events and personalities beyond any other. All these are great because they don't disdainfully pat mere sport, because they're hero-worshipers deep in their hearts, because they truly understand and love sport, grasp the thrills, its tragedies, its heartbreaks and its glories.

Elmer Ferguson, Sports Editor of the Montreal Herald

That story with a sports writer hero, "Young Mac of Man-[illegible]," was in reality the tale of mental evolution as the field [illegible] central figure of the story expanded in his literary [illegible] his faculty grew from commonplace ability to describe [illegible] until he could delve into the psychology

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The kindness in his voice was almost Eve's undoing. She had to bite hard on the impulse to tell him that she wished she had never been born. That on this day of all days, no one, not even her great-grandfather, had remembered her [illegible] to wish her well.

[illegible] the door Mr. Frisbee had turned and added, "I forgot, a package over there came for you this morning."

[illegible] the small registered parcel addressed to her [illegible] grandfather's delicate, spidery hand.

[illegible] grandmother's great betrothal diamond, rare and exquisite in its antique setting, glowed up at her from its faded velvet bed. She gazed at it spellbound, tears in her eyes. How utterly sweet of great-grandfather! No gesture could have possibly been more graceful, nor more heartening.

She lifted the ring carefully from its case, slipping it first on one slim finger, then on another, where it glowed and pulsed and sparkled almost as if it were alive.

"Miss Carstairs!" Mr. Frisbee suddenly poked his head around the door. "See if you can find Miss Morden, will you? Tell her the ball committee is waiting for her. Try the tea lounge."

THE TEA lounge was full of laughter, chatter and the clatter of teacups.

Myra Morden was the centre of a little crowd of people grouped around a table just inside the door. A figure with its back turned to Eve was bending over Myra, and at sight of it Eve's heart checked before it raced. She knew that slim, elegant, tweed-coated back, that shining blond head. Even before Ray Mathers turned and saw her she knew the way his eyes would stare before they narrowed.

Myra Morden said curiously, "Do you two know each other?"

"Why, yes." Eve heard with fierce pride that her voice was cool, steady. "How are you, Ray?" She turned to Myra. "Mr. Frisbee asked me to tell you that the ball committee is waiting for you, Miss Morden."

Myra Morden stood up. "Thanks, Miss Carstairs. I'll be right along." Her eyes widened suddenly and she reached for Eve's hand. "What a ring!" she exclaimed. "I'd commit murder for less! And—the left hand? Does that mean congratulations are in order?"

Now was the time to put in a disclaimer, of course. But, glancing up quickly, Eve saw that Ray was smiling a supercilious, incredulous smile. "Why, thanks!" Eve said breathlessly, her eyes on the smile. "You're very kind."

"Some people have all the luck," Myra Morden mourned. "With the country on the skids, here we see Eve, who can pick herself an Adam who can scatter baubles like that. Who is he, Miss Carstairs?"

There was a tight little feeling of fear now in Eve's throat. But Ray's smile was amused, and it became suddenly imperative to do something about it. "Who is Adam?" she said coolly. A name popped into her mind. "Why—Adam Brand."

Ray was not smiling now. His mouth had fallen open with surprise. So, too, had the mouths of all the others in the little circle. Looking around at the amazed faces, Eve remembered with a welling conviction of catastrophe that there really was an Adam Brand. Very much there was an Adam Brand!

Eve's fear had its way with her now; she was filled with dark foreboding. Adam Brand, absentee member of this very club. Tops financially. Tops socially. Leader of the gilded playboys, and way, way out in front. Adam Brand, pursued, sought after, cagey as a Crowned Head. And out of all the million Adams she, Eve, had had to pick on him!

Myra Morden said in a hushed voice, "Adam Brand!"

The door opened and everyone turned toward it as a girl came in, a tall girl, darkly beautiful. A chorus of greeting broke out, and the tall girl smiled and, closing the door, leaned against it. Her scarlet mouth was a perfect curve in the creamy pallor of her face. Her slim feet were perfect too, and her hands. Her clothes were not merely clothes, they were a heightening of her perfection. She was smooth, exquisite, finished from the tip of her pointed chin to the tips of her slender heels. She surveyed the room through sleepy, heavy-lidded eyes and said, "What's new?" in a soft, purry voice.

"Plenty!" said Myra Morden. She took a step aside so that Eve came straight into the dark girl's line of vision. "Miss Carstairs here has been giving us some very interesting news. Yvonne, let me introduce you to the future Mrs. Adam Brand."

In the sudden falling silence the dark girl stared. Then for a moment her sleepy eyes opened wide and blazed white-hot rage. Her slender fingers curved and clenched. Her voice was brittle as breaking glass. "I don't believe it!" she said.

For a second the stricken silence held. Then Eve laughed. It was a good laugh, cool and amused, and Eve knew by the look on Yvonne's face that it had done just what Eve had intended it should; it had carried conviction.

The crowd burst into a feverish, embarrassed chattering and Myra Morden said in Eve's ear, "Good girl! That was the best way to handle that. My dear," she said, her eyes on Eve's blank face, "didn't you know? Adam was hers, so she thought. And so did we all, for that matter. No one noticed that he stood her up much. And we were sorry, which wasn't all jealousy. But Adam's a grand lad and Yvonne—well, Yvonne isn't exactly the answer to the other maidens' prayers. I vow, so I'm kind of sorry for her. This is certainly a terrible jolt. She's been away for quite a while, but now that Adam's due back, she's back to wait for him, I suppose." Her eyes on Eve's face were searching. "And now do clear up the mystery. If it's not being too impertinent, when did that happen? Where did you meet Adam?"

One step deeper in sin after all, just one step deeper in. Eve said frozenly, "It's an old romance. We were childhood friends."

AND NOW: "Got the yarn in shape?" said Adam Brand.

He reached into his pocket, brought out his cigarette case, opened it and selected a cigarette. He did not offer one to Eve. He put the case back and struck a match, cupping the flame with his hands. They were good hands, Eve noticed, lean, well balanced, very strong. He tossed the match away and turned to Eve. "Well?"

She stammered, "I—I—" She gave up and tried again. "Today is my birthday and I—and I—"

"Ah? Of course. Today is your birthday, so you gave yourself a present. Me!"

Her strained nerves snapped. She said sharply, "Don't! This is serious for me."

He stared at that before he laughed. "For you? And what do you think it is for me? Where do you think I've put myself, not calling your bluff back in there?"

He stopped laughing and his mouth was grim. "Even so, you'd better realize right now that you haven't got a chance. My lawyer's good at keeping the money in my pocket. He's a wizard at handling greedy gals."

She stared at him uncomprehendingly till that implication sank in. She remembered vaguely that some place, some time, she had seen the name of Brand figuring in breach-of-promise suits. She said aghast, "You surely don't think—"

His shrug told her that he did. "I was sure told that I was filthy rich." His eyes were suddenly keen, curious. "But what I couldn't figure—what I can't figure—is how you thought you could get away with it? You don't look like—"

Eve broke in tersely. "Don't go squeamish on me now. You mean, don't you, that I don't look like a little tramp on the make?"

He shrugged again. "The gimme gals always have a lot on the ball. You—" He broke off with a look that sent the blood surging painfully over her body. "Your figure—all right, it's good; no one's going to know it, not in that dress. And your hair bunched over your ears. But maybe that's all right."

She said through clenched teeth, "There's nothing the matter with my ears!"

"Ah? Your hair definitely good, that tawny shade with those topaz eyes. And yet you wear pink. And what a pink! No—" he shook his head. "I don't get it."

She could have told him that it was quite some while since clothes had seemed important, and that the pink dress had done all that was required of it: clothed her at small cost. Instead she rose abruptly from her chair and stood over him. She was so angry that she was shaking.

"Listen! Right now you can stop wondering and worrying about me. Because you're not in the picture at all, not in my picture! I'm here because I'm trying to get enough money—to earn enough money—to go through for social service. Because I want to do something that counts, that's worth while. And since we're being so frank, I can tell you that you wouldn't be worth while to me. I can't stand dark men and huge ones with cast iron jaws! So you've nothing to fear. And now tell me that, in addition to being a [illegible] with bad ears and color blind, I look like a missionary!" She stamped her foot. "What are you waiting for? Go on!"

He got to his feet and stood looking down at her. She was sweet and rather absurd in her rage, and suddenly his face softened. He said, "It's nice to know I've nothing to fear. But still I don't know what it's all about."

When a girl announces her engagement to a man she's never met, there's bound to be trouble when the gentleman turns up

HER SHOULDERS sagged as the light went out of her.

"I know. I owe you an explanation and an apology. I was engaged to a man." She paused, then went on steadily. "I lost my money and he threw me over. It was my money, not me, ever. I was offered this job and took it. I hadn't seen Ray for six months until today. He's visiting someone here, I suppose. My great-grandfather sent me this ring for my birthday." She held out her hand to Adam. "It's rather spectacular, you see. I was trying it on when my chief sent me to find someone in the lounge. Ray was there; it was a shock, seeing him. One of the girls noticed the ring and jumped to the conclusion it was an engagement ring. I was going to say No when I saw Ray smiling, a sort of sneering smile, and I suppose I must have gone absolutely crazy, because I said yes, it was an engagement ring. That really wasn't important. But when they said 'Who?' being Eve, I suppose I just naturally thought of Adam, and when they said 'Adam who?' I said the first name that came into my mind—Adam Brand." She looked up at him with a faint gleam of malice in her eyes. "You can believe this or not as you like. But when I gave your name I'd forgotten there was any such person." The malice deepened. "Funny, wasn't it?"

"And now what?"

For a moment panic looked out of her eyes. She said, "Now I'll have to say that I was mistaken."

His eyes were intent. "Won't it be hard—throwing yourself to the wolves?"

The sudden bleakness of her face showed him just how hard it would be. But she said steadily, "One must pay for one's mistakes."

His eyes were still more intent. "You could quit, of course."

She was silent. Then, "No," she said. "They'll probably tell me to. But if they don't I'll stick. I need the money for what I want to do, and there aren't so many jobs. I'm going on vacation in three weeks. I'll leave it out till then." She said miserably, "I mind most about my great-grandfather. He's old and awfully proud. This will hurt him. Because this is going to make a good story—everything you do is news, of course."

He said slowly, "In three weeks you'll take your vacation. But meanwhile you'll go on being the future Mrs. Adam Brand. That way you'll be sure of keeping your job, and you won't have to make any confession. Then, when you go on vacation," he grinned, "you can write and tell me that you're awfully sorry but that you've changed your mind."

She looked at him, amazed, and he said hastily, "Of course this is for our public only. In private we'll be as you were."

She dragged out, "Why are you doing this?"

He said cheerfully, "I might be doing it for great-grandpappy. Us kids have got to stick together."

She turned from him abruptly and walked to the edge of the path, clenching her eyelids against the quivering tears. Something brushed against her nose. It was a large square of fine linen smelling very faintly of tobacco, a comforting smell. The feel of it against her hot cheeks was comforting too, and cool. Behind her shoulder Adam was whistling softly. It might be [illegible] and after a moment Eve recognized the tune. It was "Blow, Gabriel, Blow!" and, laughing shakily, she proceeded to obey orders.

"Attagirl!" said Adam approvingly. "Now let's have a look at the damage. Uh-huh. Not too bad. Except that your nose is shiny. Do—er—missionaries do anything about that? I see they do," he said gloomily, as Eve dived for her compact.

"And now," he put his hand on her arm and walked her toward the lounge. "Let's get back in there and give 'em all we've got in Act Two." He looked at her wickedly. "Act One, if I may say so, you handled very competently all by yourself."

Eve checked. "Wait a minute! I can't let you do this. Isn't there—haven't you forgotten—what about Yvonne?"

Adam's face was suddenly wooden. He said, "Let's leave her out of this."

A WEEK later Eve stood on the sidewalk outside a closed door. It was an expensive looking door, severe and chastely elegant. The sign above it, in its black lettering, was elegant too. "Madame Lalonde," it read. "Robes."

Eve's eyes travelled from the door to her left hand, in which a potential social service course was wadded. She unclenched her fingers and for a long moment gazed at the little roll of bills. Then she said, "Oh, well," gave her shoulders a little shake, turned the handle of the door and stepped across the threshold.

A statuesque blonde, molded into a black satin tube, caterpillared toward her across the thick piled carpet.

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Left: Col. Boyle in the Czar's abandoned palace. Top right: Queen Marie. Lower right: General Wrangel.

Who Was Joe Boyle?

Another amazing chapter from the life of the Yukon colonel who strode through war and revolution to the rescue of a Queen

By FLORA ALEXANDER BOYLE

PART TWO

WHEN the World War which was to bring fresh and even more amazing adventures to my father broke out in 1914, he was in his forty-seventh year, beyond the age limit for active service. Although accustomed to giving orders, he had had no military experience, and was not the type of man to accept the regimentation and narrow discipline of army life. Nevertheless he determined from the very beginning that he would have a part in the greatest of all experiences, and at last he did.

The picture of Joe Boyle as he was at that time remains clearly in my memories. He was almost six feet tall and he weighed about 180 pounds. He carried his broad shoulders and deep chest gracefully. All his movements and gestures were light and graceful, belying his age. His eyes were the most arresting feature of his face, gazing out coolly, appraisingly, from beneath black bushy eyebrows. His nose was straight and rather large, his mouth strong and firm, bespeaking the determination that was in him, and his chin was square and out thrust.

His personality was that of a fighter. A bold and strong man, he combined bodily brawn with the rapier weapons of a shrewd mind, a keen wit, and a wealth of psychological insight, some of it instinctive, much of it the natural development of his adventurous life among all sorts and conditions of men. While his normal manner when things were going right was that of a purring kitten, he could become a roaring lion when opposed, was in fact at his best at such moments. He was a fine musician and an after-dinner speaker of some fame, his native Irish wit responding at once to any opportunity, and he was very much accustomed to getting his own way.

Father's first thought in August, 1914, was to get overseas as quickly as possible. His business affairs were in excellent shape, his Klondike organization functioning smoothly—so smoothly that he was again beginning to feel a bit bored with easy living. The War afforded him a chance for greater adventure than he had yet known, and it was a bitter pill for him to swallow when at first he found every road into the army barred to him, merely because he was forty-seven years old.

Boyle's Machine Gun Battery

ALTHOUGH he resented strongly the suggestion that he was too old to be a soldier, he was forced to accept the situation, at least temporarily, and he turned to the next best thing. If he could not go overseas himself, he would at least be represented. He set about the organization of a special fighting unit, the Boyle Machine Gun Battery. His plan was to recruit and equip fifty of the finest fighting men the Yukon could provide and present the unit complete to the Canadian Government.

Father set his own standards for the men accepted into the Boyle Battery. He personally interviewed and passed upon the qualifications of every man finally chosen. They were all at least six feet tall and weighed not less than 180 pounds. Most of them were either South African veterans or had seen service with the Mounties, then known as the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. The full unit was the Boyle Yukon Machine Gun Battery. Its uniforms were tailored and their equipment and arms were the finest Joe Boyle's money could buy. When the organization was complete, the battery was sent to Vancouver for a strenuous course of training.

The job of getting his battery together and equipped had been fine for father, but once the men were away on the first lap of their journey to France and Belgium, he again found time hanging heavily on his restless spirit. The daily business routine was humdrum, unexciting. He longed to be overseas with his boys.

Eventually the opportunity was provided him, or rather he saw his chance and seized it. The Boyle Yukon Machine Gun Battery was sent to England to complete its training and there, as happened to many other crack Canadian units in the early months of the War, was broken up and its identity destroyed. There were sound military reasons for this action. All the men in the Yukon battery were trained and experienced, either in previous warfare or under the rigid discipline of the Mounted Police. Lord Kitchener himself, a man not given to fulsome compliments, said of the Boyle Yukon contingent, after reviewing them, that they were one of the best equipped and best trained bodies of men he had ever seen; but the very qualities of discipline and previous experience they had expected to get them immediately to the fighting lines resulted in their detention in England for instruction duty.

The men grumbled and chafed under this forced inaction. They had gone over to fight and they demanded a chance to do some fighting. Long rambling telegrams began to pour into Dawson, addressed to father—C.O.D.—filled with complaints of their loss of identity, their separation and the home-training duties to which they had been assigned. They were Boyle's boys and they were unhappy. Boyle would have to do something about it.

Busy in England

THIS WAS the excuse father needed to start him on his travels again. He packed his bags and started for Ottawa. The time was January, 1916. The first leg of the journey out at that season is over the snow-covered trail to White Horse on the Royal Mail stage, a long, wearisome and difficult 300-mile journey, as I know, for I have taken it myself. Reasonably enough, father did not wish to inflict this trip upon his wife, so he told her to remain in Dawson until the spring, then come out on the boat, leisurely and comfortably. He would, he said, straighten things out in England about the Boyle Yukon battery, then return as soon as possible to Dawson, and he instructed her to establish herself at the Butler Hotel in Seattle, where he would meet her in due course and they would return to the Yukon together. He left her well supplied with funds and with the suggestion that she could have a good time buying pretty new clothes in Seattle till he came.

Mrs. Boyle followed instructions. She came out on the boat in the spring, settled herself in Seattle, enjoyed herself shopping—and waited. And waited.

Summer came and went, autumn arrived, then winter. The Yukon River had frozen up again before, at last, she had a letter from father, who was still in England. He'd managed, he said, to get his boys to the front, and wrote long details of them and of the War situation in general, and that was all. This time he did not even add, "I'll be back soon," as he had said to brother Joe and myself that other winter day, years before, when he had left us at Woodstock to begin his search for gold. This letter was the last word his wife ever received directly from father, and that is a significant circumstance. It helps to explain why I hold to the opinion that he was a type of man who should never have married. He could not endure to be bound.

All the details of his activities in London during 1916 and 1917 will never be told, since only he could tell them, but from their consequences and an accurate knowledge of his forceful temperament, it is possible to trace the course of events. We know that he was constantly at odds with various officials at Argyll House, the Canadian military headquarters in England. His rank at this time was that of honorary lieutenant colonel. He wore the regulation uniform of a Canadian officer, with the distinguishing badge of the Yukon battery—a wide band on the sleeve below the shoulder bearing the word "Yukon"—and the maple-leaf badges of the C.E.F., but he was an officer without a regiment, outside the ordinary military establishments, and the staff officers at Argyll House simply did not know what to do with him, or about his movements, which he ordered to suit himself.

They resented his activities, and he undoubtedly resented their superior attitude. In an interview he granted Anne Merrill, a Canadian newspaper correspondent, and printed

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Beverley Baxter's

A. Beverley Baxter, M.P.

LONDON LETTER

Portrait of Lord Halifax

A DEEP student of human affairs once said that the great struggles of history were not between Right and Wrong, but between the Right and the Partially Right.

There is a depth of meaning in that remark, and there is no better example of it than the controversy which broke out in Britain following Mr. Eden's resignation.

Mr. Eden, as we all know, wanted an understanding with Italy but not until the Italian Dictator gave proofs of good faith.

Mr. Chamberlain wanted an understanding that wiped out the past and was built on a completely fresh foundation.

It is useless to say that one was right and the other wrong. Rather it seemed to most of us that Mr. Chamberlain was wiser than the younger man. It was not a choice of two evils but of two plans, both intended to advance European peace.

The real difference between the two men lay beyond the actual striving for an Anglo-Italian pact.

Eden believed in the theory of collective security by a world League of Nations which could number some fifty odd states drawn from every part of the globe.

Chamberlain believed in bringing Germany, France and Italy and Great Britain into a pact of understanding so that a new European league (not a world league) could be formed round it.

I merely restate the case in answer to those who imagine that Chamberlain has plunged into something that the idealism of Anthony Eden could not have accepted. Sharp as the difference is in the method and the scope of their plans, they both had the same object of pacification.

In the circumstance, the disappearance of Mr. Eden from the Foreign Office was unavoidable. I regret that he chose to go on the day that Hitler publicly derided him, but at least it cleared the way for the swift accomplishment of the Chamberlain plan.

The manner of Mr. Eden's return to politics has yet to be determined. I am told that the Government wants him to go to Washington as our ambassador until Lord Tweedsmuir's term as Governor-General of Canada comes to an end, at which time that distinguished author, historian, politician and proconsul will be invited to fill the ambassadorial chair in America.

To my mind it would be a splendid thing for Eden and Anglo-American relations to take this short tour of duty. His popularity in America would be automatic and genuine. It is true that he would have to resign his seat in Parliament, but on his return he could have the choice of a hundred constituencies. What is more, he would have the benefit of studying Europe from a distance and coming under the influence of the opinion of the New World. After two years he could return to Westminster having liquidated the embarrassment of his resignation and having acquired a new prestige.

His friends say that Eden will not go abroad. They contend that the reversion of the Foreign Office belongs to him and that he is willing to wait until that reversion comes due once more.

To return to the Foreign Office? But is there not a Minister there now? And can such a man as Lord Halifax be appointed and removed at will?

I suggest that we turn our eyes away from the dazzling personality of Anthony Eden and discuss what manner of man was chosen to succeed him.

Personal Qualities

THOSE who knew Lord Halifax intimately were not surprised at his decision to take the office vacated by Mr. Eden. He did not want it. He never sought it. He knew that anything in the nature of a personal triumph was out of the question, for the days of triumphs in British foreign policy are a long way back and a long way ahead.

Yet when Mr. Chamberlain asked him to become Foreign Secretary, Lord Halifax did not hesitate. "I agree," he said. He knew that Britain and perhaps Europe needed him. No other argument would be necessary.

Shortly afterward his appointment was challenged in the House of Commons. To Mr. Attlee and his colleagues it seemed wrong to have a Foreign Secretary in the House of Lords removed from the much-needed barrage of Socialist questions.

Mr. Chamberlain rose to reply. Courteously and clearly he explained his problem. Then he glanced at his Front Bench, where the gilded Cabinet birds of paradise sat in their glory.

"I have a ministry of many talents," said the Prime Minister, "but frankly I could not find among my colleagues those peculiar qualities which made Lord Halifax the best man for the position."

The feathers of the birds of paradise molted noticeably. It is always a difficult moment for the others in a beauty contest when the judge makes his final choice.

What then are these qualities to which Mr. Chamberlain paid such high tribute?

Halifax — [illegible] not panic

Before we answer that question come along with me to the Foreign Office and we shall have a look at Lord Halifax in his room. Unlike his predecessors, his table is not at one end of the room. It is in the centre, a homely, simple arrangement which gives the effect of a library. The Foreign Secretary greets us with rather a shy smile and then, adjusting his glasses, sits down and waits for us to begin. I imagine that he always makes the other man lead.

One notices with sympathy that his left arm is useless, like that of the Kaiser, and his right hand performs the tasks of taking a cigarette and lighting it with that dexterity which nature always brings to offset a loss.

Now we have put our case. Lord Halifax comes out of the clouds and looks at us to make quite sure that we have concluded.

"Yes," he says. His voice is impressive. It is rather deep and well modulated. There is nothing stringy or breathy about it. It is a voice.

"Yes." Lord Halifax studies us without malice or modesty. "There is undoubtedly a case to be made for your point of view." His hand reaches to his glasses and they are lowered half an inch on the bridge of his nose. "But is it not [illegible] one side of the case?"

"As a matter of fact," the deliberate voice resumes, "yours is a case that would probably win in a court of law."

His glasses come down on their ball [illegible]. Lord Halifax [illegible] the aspect of everything for a moment, then [illegible] and waves them in a slow circle in front of his nose.

"I quite see your point," he says. "There is a grave [illegible]." Apparently he has no intention of proceeding with the subject any further. His face sinks into a gentle melancholy. [illegible] he leans over his table as if to see what is next on the agenda [illegible].

[illegible] he remarks without looking [illegible] of the members.

I imagine that Lord Halifax is [illegible] of that [illegible]. When he [illegible] away from an [illegible] battle. His opponent, who has been [illegible] unanswered. If Lord Halifax [illegible] ambassador that we have [illegible] from among the papers on the table.

He [illegible] publicity [illegible] his careless [illegible] will not find him an answer to the [illegible].

Yet [illegible] personality [illegible] around him. One has a feeling that [illegible] intellectual [illegible] a sense of pity [illegible] world.

A Shy Back Bencher

TO FIND the [illegible] of this personality I suggest we go back [illegible] a [illegible] boy at Eton feeling rather shy and looking a little foolish in his Eton jacket because of his [illegible]. His physical infirmity limits his activities on the playing fields so that he is not spoken of with any particular [illegible] by his schoolmates of that period. [illegible] immortal fame by being chosen [illegible] that has not been destroyed [illegible] poetry) Lord Halifax (he was then the Hon. Edward Wood) left no other record than the simple admission [illegible] at Eton.

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It's rather awkward for the man who discovers a murder when the room in which he says it occurred doesn't exist

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LaSALLE

Crime in Nobody's Room

By CARTER DICKSON

"What's the meaning of this?" "I'm afraid Mr. Denham has found a dead man in one of the flats," said Evans.

BANDS were playing and seven suns were shining. All this took place entirely in the head and heart of Mr. Ronald Denham. He beamed on the car starter at the Regency Club who assisted him into the taxi. He beamed on the taxi-driver. He beamed on the night porter who helped him out at his flat in Sloane Street, and he felt an irresistible urge to hand bank notes to everyone in sight.

Now Ronald Denham would have denied that he had taken one over the eight, not to say the eighteen. It was true that he had attended an excellent bachelor party to celebrate Jimmy Bellchester's wedding. But Denham would have maintained that he was uplifted by spiritual things; and he had proved his exalted temperament by leaving the party at a time when many of the guests were still able to navigate.

As he had pointed out in a speech, it was only a month before his own wedding to Miss Anita Bruce. Anita, in fact, lived in the same block of flats and on the same floor as himself. This fact gave him great pleasure on the way home. Like most of us, Denham in this mood felt a strong urge to wake people up in the middle of the night and talk to them. He wondered whether he ought to wake up Anita. But in his reformed state he decided against it, and felt like a saint. He would not even wake up Tom Evans, who shared the flat with him, though that stern young business man usually worked so late at the office that Denham got in before he did.

At a few minutes short of midnight, then, Denham steered his way into the foyer of the Medici Arms. Pearson, the night porter, followed him into the automatic lift.

"Everything all right, sir?" inquired Pearson in a stage whisper.

Denham assured him that it was, and that he was an excellent fellow.

"You—er—don't feel like singing, do you, sir?" asked Pearson with some anxiety.

"As a matter of fact," said Denham, who had not previously considered this, "I do. You are full of excellent ideas, Pearson. But let us sing nothing improper, Pearson. Let it be something of noble sentiment, like—"

"Honestly, sir," urged Pearson, "if I was me, I wouldn't do it. *He's* upstairs, you know. We thought he was going to Manchester this afternoon, to stay a week, but he changed his mind. He's upstairs now."

This terrible fact referred to the cerberus of the Medici Arms, the Tudor Arms, the Bourbon Arms, and half a dozen other great hives. Sir Rufus Armingdale, high khan of builders, not only filled London with furnished flats which really were the last word in luxury at a low price; he showed his pride in his own merchandise by living in them.

"No special quarters for me," he was quoted as saying, with fist upraised for emphasis. "No castle in Surrey or barracks in Park Lane. Just an ordinary flat, and not the most expensive of 'em either. That's where I'm most comfortable, and that's where you'll find me."

Considering all the good things provided in Armingdale's Furnished Flats, even his autocratic laws were not much resented. Nor could anyone resent the fact that all the flats in a given building were furnished exactly alike, and that the furniture must be kept in the position Rufus Armingdale gave it. The Medici Arms was "renaissance," as the Bourbon Arms was "Louis XV": a tower of rooms like luxurious cells, and only to be distinguished from each other by an ornament on a table or a picture on a wall.

But Sir Rufus's leases even discouraged pictures. Considering that he was something of an art collector himself, and had often been photographed in his own flat with his favorite Greuze or Corot, some annoyance was felt at this. Sir Rufus Armingdale did not care. You either leased one of his flats, or you didn't. He was that sort of man.

Otherwise, of course, Ronald Denham's adventure could not have happened. He returned from the bachelor party; he took Pearson's advice about the singing; he went up in the automatic lift to the second floor; and he walked into what the champagne told him was his own flat.

THAT HE went to the second floor is certain. Pearson saw him put his finger on the proper button in the lift. But nothing else is certain, since the hall upstairs was dark, and he moved in a fog of nobility. Pushing open a door—either his key fitted it or the door was open—he congratulated himself on getting home.

Also he was a little giddy. He found himself in the small hall, where lights were on. After a short interval he must have moved into the sitting room, for he found himself sitting back in an armchair and contemplating familiar surroundings through a [illegible]. Lights were turned on here as well: yellow-shaded lamps, one with a pattern like a dragon on the shade.

Something began to trouble him. There was something odd, he thought, about those lamp shades. After some study it occurred to him that he and Tom Evans had not got any lamp shades like that. They did not own any bronze book ends either. As for the curtains—

Then a picture on the wall swam into his vision, and he stared at it. It was a small dull-colored picture over the sideboard. And it penetrated into his mind at last that he had got into the wrong flat.

Everything now showed itself to him as wrong. It was as though a blur had come into focus.

"Here, I'm sorry!" he said aloud, and got up.

There was no reply. The enormousness of his offense partly steadied him. Where in the name of sanity was he? There were only three other flats on the second floor. One of these was Anita Bruce's. Of the others, one was occupied by a brisk young newspaperman named Conyers, and the other by the formidable Sir Rufus Armingdale.

Complete panic caught him. He felt that any minute a rightful occupant might descend on him, to call him a thief at worst or a snooper at best. Turning round to scramble for the door, he almost ran into another visitor in the wrong flat.

This visitor sat quietly in a tall chair near the door. He was a thin, oldish, well-dressed man, wearing thick-lensed spectacles, and his head was bent forward as though in meditation. He wore a soft hat and a thin oilskin waterproof colored green: a jaunty and bilious-looking coat for such a quiet figure. The quiet light made it gleam.

"Please excuse—" Denham began in a rush, and talked for some seconds before he realized that the man had not moved.

Denham stretched out his hand. The coat was one of those smooth, almost seamless American waterproofs, yellowish outside and green inside, and for some reason the man was now wearing it inside out. Denham was in the act of telling him this when the head lolled. The smooth oilskin gleamed again, and he saw that the man was dead.

TOM EVANS, stepping out of the lift at a quarter past one, found the hall of the second floor in complete darkness. When he had turned on the lights from a switch beside the lift, he stopped short and swore.

Evans, lean and swarthy, with darkish eyebrows merging into a single line across his forehead, looked a little like a Norman baron in a romance. Some might have said a robber baron, for he carried a brief case and was a stern man of business despite his youth. But what he saw now made him momentarily forget his evening's work. The hall showed four doors, with their microscopic black numbers, set some distance apart. Near the door leading to Anita Bruce's flat, Ronald Denham sat hunched on an oak settle. There was a lump at the base of [illegible] and he was breathing in a way Evans did not like.

It was five minutes more before [illegible] shocked and pounded into [illegible] such a blinding headache that its pain [illegible]. First he became aware of Tom's [illegible] face bending over him, and Tom's usual [illegible].

"I don't mind you getting drunk," the [illegible] him dimly. "In fact, I expected it. But at [illegible] be able to carry your liquor decently. What the devil have you been up to, eh? Hey!"

"He had his raincoat on inside out," was the first thing Denham said. Then memory came back to him like a new headache or a new explosion, and he began to pour out the story.

"—and I tell you there's a dead man in one of those flats! I think he's been murdered. Tom, I'm not drunk, I swear I'm not. Somebody sneaked up behind and bashed me over the back of the head just after I found him—"

"Then how did you get out here?"

"How should I know? Don't argue; help me up. I suppose I must have been dragged out here. If you don't believe me, feel the back of my head. Just feel it."

Evans hesitated. He was always practical, and there could be no denying the bruise. He looked uncertainly up and down the hall.

"But who is this dead man?" he demanded. "And whose flat is he in?"

"I don't know. He was an oldish man with thick glasses and a green raincoat. I never saw him before. Looked a bit like an American, somehow."

"Nonsense! Nobody wears a green raincoat."

"I'm telling you he was wearing it inside out. If you ask me why, I'm going to hit my head against the wall and go to sleep again." He wished he could do this, for he could not see straight and his head felt like a printing press in full blast. "We ought to be able to identify the flat easily enough. I can give a complete description of it."

He paused, for two doors had opened simultaneously in the hall. Anita Bruce and Sir Rufus Armingdale came out in different stages of anger or curiosity at the noise.

If Evans had been more of a psychologist, he might have anticipated the effect this would have on them. As it was, he stood looking from one to the other, thinking whatever thoughts you care to attribute to him. For he was an employee of Sir Rufus, as manager of the Sloane Square office of Armingdale Flats, and he could risk no trouble.

Anita seemed to take in the situation at a glance. She was small, dark, plump and fluffy-haired. She wore a flimsy negligee. Seeing the expressions of the other three, she smiled. Sir Rufus Armingdale did not look so much formidable as fretful. He had one of those powerful faces whose features seem to have run together like a bull pup's, and a head of heavy whitish hair. But the old dressing gown, fastened up at the throat as though he were cold, took away the suggestion of an autocrat and made him merely a householder.

He breathed through his nose, [illegible] helplessly [illegible] his employee. His confidence returned.

"Good morning, Evans," he said. "What's the meaning of this?"

Evans [illegible] "I'm afraid it's trouble, sir. Mr. Denham—well, he's found a dead man in one of the flats."

"Ron!" cried Anita.

"A dead man?" repeated Armingdale, without surprise. "Where?"

"In one of the flats. He doesn't know which."

"Oh? Why doesn't he know which?"

"He's got a bad bump on the back of his head," said Anita, exploring. She looked back over her shoulder and spoke swiftly. "It's quite all right, Tom. Don't get excited. He's not drunk."

"I am not drunk," said Denham with tense and sinister calmness. "May I also point out that I am able to read and write, and that I have not had words spelled out in front of me since I was four years old? Heaven give me strength! I tell you, I can describe the place."

He did so. Afterward there was a silence.

"Ron, old dear," Anita said, going over and sitting down beside him, "I'll believe you if you're serious as all that. But you ought to know it isn't my flat."

"And I can tell you it isn't mine," grunted Armingdale. "There certainly isn't a dead man in it. I've just come from there, and I know."

If they had not known Armingdale's reputation so well, they might have suspected him of trying to make a joke. But his expression belied it as well. It was heavy and lowering, with more than a suggestion of the bull pup.

"This picture you say you saw," he began. "The one over the sideboard. Could you describe it?"

"Yes, I think so," said Denham desperately. "It was a rather small portrait of a little girl looking sideways over some roses or flowers of some kind. Done in that greyish-brown stuff. I think they call it sepia."

Armingdale stared at him.

"Then I know it isn't mine," he said. "I never owned a sepia [illegible] If [illegible] man's telling the truth [illegible] I'll just take the responsib[illegible]"

HIS words [illegible] moved [illegible] toward the door of the flat occupied by Mr. Hubert Conyers of the *Daily Record*. But [illegible] even a chance to knock at that door. It opened with such promptness that Denham wondered whether Conyers had been looking through the slot of the letter box, and Hubert Conyers stepped out briskly. He was an [illegible] smallish, dapper little man, very different from Denham's idea of a journalist. His only extravagance was a taste for [illegible] clothes, from suit to [illegible], though he usually contrived to look rumpled. He was always [illegible] and as busy as a parlor clock. But he's a more [illegible] person [illegible] which could warm him through more [illegible] places than you might have imagined.

He came forward, drawing on his [illegible], and with a deft [illegible] got into the middle of the group.

"Sorry, sorry, sorry," he began, seeming to propitiate everyone at once. "I couldn't help overhearing you here. Good evening, Sir Rufus. The fact is, it's not my flat either. Just [illegible] the only ornaments in my sitting room are [illegible] ashtrays and a bottle of milk. Come and see, if you like."

There was a silence, while Conyers looked anxious.

"But it's got to be somebody's flat!" snapped Sir Rufus Armingdale, with a no-nonsense air. "Stands to reason. A whole confounded sitting room can't vanish like smoke. Unless—stop a bit—unless Mr. Denham got off at some other floor?"

"I don't know. I may have."

"And I don't mind admitting—" said Armingdale, hesitating as everyone looked at him curiously. The autocrat seemed worried. "Very well. The fact is, *I've* got a picture in my flat something like the one Mr. Denham described. It's Greuze's 'Young Girl with Primroses.' But it certainly isn't that. Mine's an oil painting, of course. Mr. Denham is talking about a sepia drawing. That is, if he saw anything at all. Does this dead man exist at all?"

Denham's protestations were cut short by the hum of an ascending lift. But it was not the ordinary lift in front of them; it was the service lift at the end of the hall. The door was opened, and the cage grating pulled back to show the frightened face of the night porter.

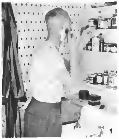
"Sir," said Pearson, addressing Armingdale as though

Continued on page 33

A Day in the Life of a Taxpayer

From rising to bedtime practically every activity of an average family contributes to national revenue

[illegible]



1 Getting up in the morning costs money. Clothing, razors, brushes, are subject to the eight per cent sales tax. Additionally there is a five per cent luxury tax on toilet soaps, ten per cent on shaving creams and lotions. Annual revenue from this source — $1,100,000

2 Breakfast. Most farm products escape taxation. Table linen, percolator, the children's clothes shoulder the eight per cent sales tax, and so do canned or packaged goods, preserved fruits, jams. Sugar is taxed one cent per pound. The nation's sweet tooth nets Ottawa $10,000,000 a year

3 Off to work. Automobiles are taxed eight per cent, plus a special excise tax. Taxes on gas and oil, provincial license fees have to be paid. Tires are taxed two cents a pound, inner tubes three cents a pound. These two taxes bring in about $900,000 annually.

4 When the busy housewife starts her daily chores practically everything she touches comes under the eight per cent sales tax. All furniture, her carpet sweeper and vacuum cleaner, rugs and other household equipment, the piano and the radio are subject to that all-embracing impost. So are her house dresses, her shoes and other clothing. If she times her schedule by a wrist watch, somebody paid sales tax on that. Should she call her mother by long distance, there is a levy of six per cent of the total toll charges

5 Taxes in the pantry. Every article shown on these shelves is subject to a federal tax. Corn syrup and cornstarch carry a four per cent impost. All canned and packaged goods such as soups, vegetables, fruits, pickles, sauces, preserves (unless homemade, and homemade preserves require sugar — one per cent per pound), bottled beverages and spices come under the eight per cent sales tax. Surveys show that on the shelves of an average chain store only fifty out of 1,500 articles offered for sale escape taxation in some degree

6 And the kitchen. Gas or electric range and refrigerator or icebox are subject to the eight per cent. And the table, the chair, the mixing bowl, the electric iron, pots and pans, scales, spoon, thermometer — all kitchen utensils

7 Office overhead. Almost everything the average businessman uses in his office is taxed. Sales tax ups the price of his office furniture, desk equipment, stationery, printing, typewriters and other business machines. Telegrams are taxed, cheques must be stamped

8 Costly conversation. After lunch smokers pay toll. Ten per cent excise duty on cigarettes gathers in over $23,000,000 annually. There are other special excise imposts on cigars, tobacco, matches (¾ cent per hundred), lighters. Sales tax takes in ashtrays

9 Dressing up. Mother's table and bench are subject to sales tax, and the fittings, including the clock. Powder, rouge, creams, all cosmetics come under the special luxury tax of ten per cent. There's sales tax on her negligee, too

10 The girls drop in. Cards are taxed ten cents a pack. There's sales tax on the bridge set. When the hostess serves refreshments, bottled beverages, relishes, cooked meats are subject to sales tax as are tea things and glassware

11 Gardening costs money. Sales tax applies on nearly everything in this backyard, spade, rake, lawn mower, fork, trowel, hoe. Careful of that shirt, Mister. When you buy a new one you'll pay that eight per cent over again

12 Fun pays taxes. The out-of-doors man is soaked eight per cent sales tax on his fishing gear, golf clubs, tennis equipment, lawn bowls and his sport clothes. If he hunts, guns and ammunition carry the same impost

13 A quiet evening, but above even so peaceful a scene as this, the tax collector hovers. Toys, furniture, smoking equipment, clothes are all of them subject to eight per cent. There's property and income taxes, as well

Looms of Conflict

The roar of the great machines opens a business battle and a certain young lady is caught in the cross-fire of divided loyalties

By BURTON L. SPILLER

"So Daggett warned you against me!" Harmon said. "Insinuated that I was probably trying to steal Rainbow from you?"

Illustrated by DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

The story: Ousted from Nationwide Woolens when Charles Daggett achieved control, Kent Harmon is on a fishing trip with his one-time assistant, Jim Bradley. They take a sick Indian guide to a village called Rainbow and are surprised to find there an up-to-date textile plant that has ceased production.

At Ma Griggs' boardinghouse the mill's master mechanic, Luke Griggs, informs Harmon that the mill is owned by an oldish man, David Holcomb, whose daughter Nancy is mill superintendent. Nancy is an attractive girl, and it appears that Charles Daggett is friendly to her and her father. Privately, Harmon believes that Daggett has closed their market.

Harmon makes a tentative arrangement with Holcomb to manage the mill for a year provided he can secure capital, and, with cloth samples, he goes to the city. He is talking with a wholesaler named Thornton, an old-time friend, when Daggett enters the office and warns Thornton not to do business with one of Nationwide's enemies. Daggett leaves and Thornton remarks to Harmon: "When Daggett cracks the whip now—well, you can see for yourself how we have to jump."

SORRY, Harmon. We're buying all we can use."

"Too bad, Harmon. It's nice cloth, but we're simply not in the market."

"No use, Kent. I'd like to play ball with you, but my hands are tied."

"Not interested, Mr. Harmon."

"Can't do business, old man, but how about having lunch with me?"

"Sorry. We've contracted for more cloth than we can use."

And so it went, as Harmon trudged from office to office. In the next few days he learned something of Daggett's power.

It was exactly as Thornton predicted. The market was closed against him. No one, not even those dealers who were not pledged to Nationwide, dared risk the combine's wrath by talking contract with him.

A few months before, Harmon would have declared such a situation impossible. Now he knew better. Nationwide had consolidated its position, exerted immense power now. From the swiftness and unanimity of the rejections, he sensed a virtual dictatorship.

Strangers were curt, even contemptuous. Old friends were apologetic and regretful. But always the same dismissal: "Sorry."

Incredulously, as failure followed failure in office after office, Harmon realized that Daggett's word had gone out against him and that Daggett's word was law. It began to look as if he were beaten before he began. But rather than wire Bradley a message of defeat he stayed over for another day, that time going the rounds of the small fry, the little fellows who dealt in quantities as small as a single bolt. It was, he told himself, almost hopeless to expect help from Poverty Row, but at least he refused to abandon the fight while the slimmest chance remained.

A thousand to one shot. And then he ran into Moe Eckelstein.

Harmon didn't even recall the name painted on the door of the dingy little office, but the moment he stepped through the doorway with his parcel of cloth under his arm there was a shout of recognition.

"Why, it's Mr. Harmon! Such a surprise!"

Harmon stared blankly at the thin-faced little man who popped up from behind a desk and came toward him with outstretched hand.

"Don't you remember me? Moe Eckelstein, who used to buy remnants from you at Farley's."

Harmon recalled him then, shabby, talkative Moe, who used to pack away enormous quantities of remnants and damaged pieces in the days when Harmon was the youthful super of a small back country mill.

"Well, great Scott!" he exclaimed. "Of course I remember. And here you are all set up in business for yourself, with an office and everything. It's swell to see you again, Moe."

Moe's office was shabby and small, with one grimy window, one battered desk, and a row of pigeonhole compartments full of cloth samples. But Harmon hadn't talked to his old friend—Moe Eckelstein always said Kent Harmon had given him his start in his peak peddling days—more than twenty minutes before he began to realize that more business passed through here than the office indicated. Moe, it appeared, had turned every phase of the disturbed market to his own advantage.

"Bad bargains for somebody means good bargains for somebody else," declared Moe Eckelstein, and nearly jolted the astounded Harmon out of his chair with the calm announcement that this shabby little office was only one of many headquarters of a network that spread over half the continent, furnishing the outlet for a staggering amount of cloth. Moe Eckelstein, all appearances to the contrary, had gone far in the world since the days Harmon used to trust him for remnants from Farley's mill. And with growing excitement Harmon realized that here was the one kind of organization that Nationwide would have the greatest difficulty getting under its control.

Without reserve, then, he told Eckelstein his own story. He told how he had been forced out of the Nationwide organization, and Moe Eckelstein clark-clacked sympathetically. He told about Rainbow Mill and his own connection with it, his own plans. He told of the obstacles he had encountered, frankly admitted the possibility of defeat. Then he undid the parcel and spread the sample of cloth out on the desk.

"There it is," he said. "What do you think?"

Moe Eckelstein picked up the cloth, brought it to the window, appraised it shrewdly. Then he came back.

"What do you want, Mr. Harmon?" he said. "Money?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Plenty. Fifty thousand anyway. Maybe more."

He expected to see Eckelstein's hands go up in surrender. But the man said:

"If Nationwide gets control, I am finished. You want to fight. You are honest. Together we'll lick Nationwide maybe. We will go into some figures a little more, Mr. Harmon. I think I can let you have the money."

It was as simple as that. And after spending the rest of the afternoon and a good many hours of the night in conference with the little man Harmon had befriended in the grim days when Eckelstein was struggling for a foothold, it still seemed unreal next morning. But when Harmon accompanied his backer to the bank at ten o'clock next morning there was nothing unreal about the $60,000 credit Eckelstein arranged for him. That, with Jim Bradley's $8,000 and another $10,000 that represented Harmon's cash resources, would put Rainbow Mills into production.

"Crack your whip now, Daggett," muttered Harmon, "and see if I jump."

"Huh?" said Eckelstein.

"Just talking to myself, Moe. You're a bad businessman. Do you realize you've just gambled sixty thousand on me, and I haven't even got a scrap of paper to prove that I've got a mill?"

Eckelstein gestured expressively.

"We've got an appointment with my lawyer for ten-thirty," he informed Harmon. "It will take you until noon, maybe, to read all the agreements he's got waitin' for you. And an extra suitcase to carry home papers for Holcomb to sign."

RUTHLESS, poker-faced Charles Daggett was no fool. He had fought his way to the captainship of Nationwide Woolens by underestimating his enemies. Above all he had never made the mistake of underestimating Kent Harmon.

Daggett had never felt his position secure in Nationwide until he had thrown Harmon overboard. His encounter with Harmon in the office of Bob Thornton was disturbing, for it meant Harmon was showing fight. Daggett didn't waste any time. As Thornton predicted, he did a lot of telephoning.

[illegible] parties generally known [illegible] that Kent Harmon would not be [illegible] Nationwide Woolens.

[illegible] Daggett usually wound up [illegible] I'll appreciate information [illegible]

"What's [illegible] on his own or has he got a backing? [illegible] I want to know where it's coming from. [illegible] Nationwide hears new until [illegible] I hear."

So information [illegible] Daggett from a dozen sources [illegible] next few days. Harmon was quoting an astonishing [illegible] on a superlative sample. But he wasn't telling [illegible] from.

Daggett was curious. However, he didn't worry. The situation, he felt, was well in hand. More reports came in. Harmon had called at this office and at that office, had been rejected. Daggett grinned to himself. By the third day he was ready to dismiss the enemy from his mind. By the end of the week he assumed that Harmon had given up.

Then came a telephone call that jolted Daggett. It came from a man in his own organization who had been instructed to check up on Harmon's movements.

"I don't know what it's all about, but it looks as if Harmon is opening up a mill somewhere. I understand he's buying dyestuffs and chemicals."

"On credit?" snapped Daggett.

"No. He's paying cash. Apparently he has raised money somehow."

"Where's the mill? Can't you find out?"

"I've done my durndest, but I can't seem to get anywhere on that angle. He's working pretty quietly."

Daggett was annoyed. His next information checked up on the concerns handling dyestuffs. Harmon, however, had been shrewd enough to make no purchases from sources that had contacts with Nationwide Woolens. Daggett learned nothing except that Harmon had left the city.

Then an agent tipped him off that Kent Harmon had signed a coal contract. Coal is a commodity without which no mill can function—for the humming dyeing vats and kettles, the dryers and presses, are insatiable in their demands for steam. Daggett redoubled his efforts. How much coal had Harmon bought? Where was it going? Harmon, however, had covered up so thoroughly that again Daggett drew a blank.

Next day, however, Daggett discovered that Harmon had arranged with the Wool Growers' Association for a weekly shipment of long staple, and had deposited a cheque for $16,000. Daggett did some more telephoning, and at length he got enough information to enable him to put two and two together and get the right answer. Harmon was backing an organization of [illegible].

"Rainbow Mills!" declared Daggett explosively. It was the only possible plant that checked with his information.

Daggett sat back, rubbing his chin.

"Rainbow Mills," he said again. "But that's impossible."

He frowned, his eyes resting on a framed photograph on the huge glass-topped desk from which he controlled the destinies of Nationwide Woolens.

"Impossible," Daggett repeated. "She would have told me. She would have written. Telephoned."

He looked at the photograph again, as if expecting it to volunteer an explanation. The clear eyes of Nancy Holcomb returned his gaze in serene silence. Abruptly Daggett thrust his thumb against a buzzer. When his secretary appeared in the doorway he said:

"Get me Miss Holcomb on long distance."

KENT HARMON was dog-tired when he descended from the night train at Bolton and tossed his grip into a taxi, but his spirits soared above physical weariness. It had been a strenuous week, and he was pitifully short of sleep, but he wasn't coming back empty-handed.

"Rainbow," he told the driver. "Holcomb's house."

The taxi roared up the slope past the pulp mill. Harmon slumped back in the seat. Coal contract, wool contract, orders for dye-stuffs, for chemicals; there had been a thousand and one details. But his grip was stuffed with papers that meant whirring wheels and clacking looms for Rainbow again. As yet no one in Rainbow knew that. Harmon wanted to carry the good news himself.

He paid off the driver in front of Holcomb's place and strode up the walk. Nancy answered his ring. Harmon's heart jumped at the expression of surprise and delight that illuminated her face.

The note of eagerness in her voice was unmistakable. His sudden appearance had taken her off guard. For a moment Harmon had the notion that she was so glad to see him that she wanted to throw herself into his arms. And then the radiance died. Nancy's face seemed faintly troubled.

"I wanted you to be the first to hear the news," Harmon told her. "I traveled the [illegible]"

"Oh, Kent!" she exclaimed. "Isn't that wonderful! I'm so glad."

She drew him into the hallway. Harmon, puzzled and disappointed, sensed something mechanical in her reception of the news. It was forced. Her smile, too, as she brought him into the living room, seemed strained. For that one brief second when she answered the doorbell she had seemed the real Nancy, the gay girl who had driven him out to Bolton a week previous and bidden him good luck on his mission. Now he sensed a barrier of difference, something wrong.

David Holcomb, clad in a gorgeous purple dressing gown, rose from an easy chair, newspaper in hand.

"We're dying to know all about it, Kent!" Nancy was saying. "Dad, isn't it splendid? Kent says he has good news."

Holcomb was beaming like a pleased child. His pudgy hand was outstretched in welcome.

"Hello, my boy! You're back sooner than I expected. Take off your coat and sit down. Good news, eh? That's what we want to hear. Sit down and tell us about it."

There was no change in Holcomb's manner. Whatever had gone wrong—and Harmon knew that there was something very much wrong so far as Nancy was concerned—the old man hadn't been affected by it. He gave Nancy his coat and hat. She avoided his eyes.

"Well," he said, "we can get going any time now." Somehow all the glory had gone out of his triumph. "Just a matter of hiring men."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed Holcomb. "But that's splendid! Magnificent! I can't say I'm surprised. I've had a feeling that you would bring home the bacon. I was saying to Nancy only this morning that I had every confidence."

"Tell us about it, Kent," interrupted Nancy quietly. "You look tired. Have you had supper? Would you like me to make some coffee?"

"No, thanks, Nancy. I'll just tell my little story and then I'll run along home to bed." He leaned back in the chair and groped for his pipe. "In a nutshell, I've found a man who can take as much cloth as we can turn out, providing his business doesn't go bust, and it's to save his business that he's willing to hook up with Rainbow. He has advanced a substantial [illegible]"

"Sam Thornton!" boomed Holcomb. "[illegible]"

The first load of cloth rolled away. A cheer broke from the mill workers. It swelled to a roar when Harmon came out onto the office steps.

there any strings to the offer? You actually have the money already?"

"I'll begin at the beginning," Harmon said. He cast another curious glance at Nancy. He had pictured her dancing with joy. But she was sitting primly back in the shadows beyond the living room light.

He went over the events of his journey to the city. When he told of his failure to interest Thornton and Brinkley, omitting any mention of his encounter with Daggett, Holcomb's face became purple with anger.

"What?" demanded Holcomb. "You mean to say Bob Thornton wouldn't do business with you? Why, the base ingrate! That's what he is, an ingrate. Why, I gave that man his start. It was my mill put him on his feet!"

"Conditions have changed a lot," Harmon said. "Thornton is in a position where he can't do as he chooses. Friendship doesn't count for very much in this game any more."

"If there is a market for our goods and Thornton refuses to handle them, I shall consider it a personal affront," Holcomb stormed, "and I shall so inform him when next we meet." He spluttered and fumed like a fractious child and it was minutes before Harmon could go on with his story.

He told them of his meeting with the energetic Eckelstein and of the money which had been practically thrust on him. When he had summarized his purchases of supplies and the prices he had paid, Holcomb bestowed his highest form of praise.

"Excellent! Excellent!" he said and beamed benignly. "I doubt if I could have done better myself. Excellent, indeed."

HARMON could not repress a wry smile. "Thanks," he said, and then his face unconsciously hardened. "I have done what I thought it best to do. There is nothing left but to send out word for help, but before we do that I want your assurance that I am to be in charge of production. I am risking my money and that of some of my friends and I want full authority to say how it shall be spent. Is that asking more than you care to grant?"

"Not at all! Not at all!" Holcomb boomed. "I told you I would agree to that, and I am a man of my word."

"I brought along an agreement for your signature. It was drafted by Eckelstein's lawyer," Harmon explained, "and it seems to cover everything. It covers division of profits, if any, gives me power to purchase and manufacture for one year or until such time as the money is exhausted, and it guarantees Eckelstein delivery of cloth. It protects me against interference in the management of the plant."

Holcomb blinked.

"But after all, my boy, surely you can trust me."

"Personally, a verbal agreement would be enough for me," Harmon assured him, "but Eckelstein insisted that everything be in writing. It's a three-way agreement. Eckelstein agrees to put up sixty thousand dollars and further monthly payments on delivery of cloth. I agree to take over management of the mill. You agree to give us the use of the plant and Nancy's designs." Harmon took the document from his pocket and handed it to Holcomb. "I think you'll find it fair enough if you'll read it over."

"Just as you say," Holcomb answered. "It's as much for my own protection as for yours, I suppose." He pottered about the room looking for his spectacles. "Now where did I put those glasses? I was sure I left them right here on the table."

"Dad!" said Nancy quietly. "Kent! Perhaps we had better not do anything about the agreement for a little while. There are a few things Kent should know."

Both men stared at her in amazement.

"Not do anything about the agreement!" exclaimed Holcomb. "But that's ridiculous, Nancy! After all the work Mr. Harmon has done. And besides, isn't it just what we've been praying for? It's a godsend for Rainbow Mills."

"I know. I wasn't going to mention the matter at all—but in fairness to Kent I think I should. I wouldn't want him to go into this and discover things later that might make him regret that he ever began it. This amounts to a fight with Nationwide Woollens, doesn't it, Kent?"

"Oh, not necessarily," blustered Holcomb. "Not at all. We can remain on good terms with Nationwide, surely."

But Harmon, wondering what was coming, wondering why Nancy was so pale and ill at ease, said flatly, "Yes. That's what it amounts to."

"And we don't know very much about you, do we, Kent? About your own record. You have no credentials. We're taking you on faith."

"What do you mean by that, Nancy?" he asked quietly.

"You were once connected with Nationwide and forced to resign?"

"That's true."

"Under a cloud? Both you and Mr. Bradley?"

There was an empty feeling at the pit of Harmon's stomach. He guessed what had happened.

"Has someone from Nationwide been talking to you?"

Nancy was twisting at a ring on her finger.

"Frankly, Kent, I had a telephone message warning us to have nothing to do with you. But that isn't the point. I believe you are honest. I think dad and I can be trusted to use our own judgment without interference, and that's what I told—"

"Daggett!" snapped Harmon.

Nancy flushed.

"Well, yes. You and Mr. Daggett are enemies, aren't you, Kent?"

Harmon's mouth tightened.

"So Daggett called you up and warned you against me!" he said slowly. "Told you I was a crook? That I had been kicked out of Nationwide as a double crosser? That I was probably scheming to steal Rainbow from you—lock, stock and barrel?"

Nancy was distressed.

"As I've already told you, Kent, I don't believe any of those things. I believe you can save Rainbow. If you can't, I don't think anyone can. But I thought it would be only fair to let you know the things I've been told."

"So that I can give my own explanation? You want me to clear myself?"

Holcomb cleared his throat gruffly.

"Well, this is—harumph—all very surprising to me. You didn't take me into your confidence, Nancy. Might have—hm—told me. If your past record won't bear inspection, Harmon—this is all very serious—comes at an unfortunate time—"

"You won't hear anything good about me from Charles Daggett!" Harmon said. "Nationwide Woollens wasn't big enough for both of us. He says I'm a crook and a double-crosser. I say Daggett is the biggest rascal in the textile game."

"Kent!" Nancy cried out sharply. "Please!" Again she was twisting wretchedly at the ring. And then Harmon saw what he should have noticed before. The ring was a diamond. "I want to be friends. I want your help. I really do. But I can't let you say such things about Charles. I've been trying to tell you—in all fairness—so you'll know where you stand. If you want to back out of this fight now, it isn't too late. But Charles Daggett and I have been engaged for the past two months."

THERE was a long, heavy silence.

"Well," said Harmon dully, a little numbed by the shock of a declaration so surprising that he could scarcely believe he had heard aright, "that alters the situation, doesn't it?"

"Alters the situation?" blurted Holcomb. "How? It doesn't alter anything. I thought you knew. Supposed Nancy didn't tell you. But why in the world should our plans be affected by the mere fact that Nancy is engaged to Charles Daggett?" He had found his spectacles and now he was reading the agreement at the same

Continued on page 26

COMMISSIONER STUART WOOD

Chief of the Mounted

By RICHARD FINNIE

A quick sketch of the new head of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police

"THEY ALWAYS get their man" is a proverbial phrase identified in song and cinema with Canada's scarlet-coated Riders of the Plains, Custodians of Law and Order in the Frozen North. Recently they got another man, but this one was no fugitive from justice; he was an honored member of their own organization and they got him as Commissioner.

On the first day of August, 1885, a youth just graduated from the Military College in Kingston entered the old North West Mounted Police with the rank of Inspector. He was a nephew of Jefferson Davis, who commanded the privateer *Tallahassee*, and a grandson of *Zachary Taylor*, President of the United States. He served the Force well and faithfully until his death thirty years later, when he had become Assistant Commissioner Zachary Taylor Wood, C.M.G.

His son, Stuart Taylor Wood, born in 1889, was destined to follow in his footsteps and then take one step farther.

Life began for Stuart Wood at Napanee, Ontario, but he started travelling the following year, first to the N.W.M.P. barracks at Macleod, then to Maple Creek and Calgary. From there in 1897 his father was sent to the Klondike, land of mystery, excitement and incredible riches. The great gold rush was already under way, and Inspector Wood joined a police unit to control it.

After a winter of anxious waiting in Calgary and Vancouver, young Stuart Wood and his mother received a welcome message and forthwith they sailed to Skagway. Along with hundreds of eager gold seekers they rode on pack horses over the famed White Pass, and Lake Bennett was the scene of a joyous reunion.

For thirteen years the Woods resided in Dawson, where Stuart attended school, learned to ride, and was initiated into the lore of the North by his father and his father's men. By the time he was old enough to be sent "outside" for further schooling he was a real honest-to-goodness sourdough. Though he spent ensuing winters at Upper Canada College and later at the Royal Military College, he always went home to the Yukon for his vacation periods.

Arctic Experience

IN 1912 he had graduated from R.M.C. and, like his father before him, was appointed an Inspector in the Force. Thereafter he served in Saskatchewan, Manitoba and British Columbia. In the last tense months of the Great War a Royal North West Mounted Police squadron was sent to France, and Inspector Wood took the Third Troop, which did difficult front line duty carrying dispatches. He came back with two medals, Victory and General Service.

In 1919 his young and attractive wife accompanied him to the land of his childhood—not to Dawson, however, but to the Yukon's farthest outpost, Herschel Island, 200 miles beyond the Arctic Circle. There he commanded the Western Arctic sub-district for five years.

The other day I interviewed the Commissioner in his office in the Justice Building, Ottawa. On the wall were photographs of the former Commissioners: G. A. French, J. F. Macleod, A. G. Irvine, L. W. Herchmer, A. Bowen Perry, Cortlandt Starnes, and Sir James MacBrien. The quiet, unpretentious man who sat at the desk beneath this impressive gallery had attained the highest rank the Force has to offer; he was now its dictator. Yet, recalling his Herschel Island tenure, he mused: "That was the only job I ever held where I felt I really amounted to something."

As a fellow Northerner I could appreciate the sincerity of that paradoxical remark. To have immediate temporal authority over most of the inhabitants of an awe-inspiring region a third as large as the entire Dominion, where everyone is a long, most unique one with a feeling of omnipotence that no other official position, however exalted, could quite afford.

Continued on page 60

"Owned by the Staff"

By WALTER SAMPSON

Top left J. Noel Kelly, Editor

Top right The News-Herald Building

Left Roy H. Robichaud, Publisher

Started on a shoestring, co-operatively owned, the Vancouver News-Herald is unique among Canadian daily newspapers

EVERY morning except Sunday Vancouver's *News-Herald* appears on the streets of British Columbia's capital with front page headlines devoted to the more startling and bizarre of current news events, yet in all its six years' existence the paper has never published a more unusual story than its own. The story of how a group of unemployed and relatively inexperienced newspapermen, in the days of deepest depression, ignored the scoffing of the sceptical and the grim recollection of unhappy precedents and created a newspaper which today boasts the third largest morning circulation in Canada.

Vancouver's *News-Herald* is a going concern today, giving work to more than 185 regular employees and 300 carrier boys, and with an annual financial turnover of more than a quarter million dollars. It has established itself in the community and dispelled the old theory that a morning newspaper in Vancouver could never be made to pay. It's been tough going at times, any one of the paper's young executives will readily tell you, but it's been a lot of fun.

"We haven't been a big money maker so far, perhaps," admits Roy Robichaud, the publisher, still in his thirties, who was just another front-office bookkeeper before the inception of the *News-Herald*. "There have been times when we've just barely got by. We've had worries galore and a great many crises. We're probably not through our troubles yet, but we've been able to put a fairly big organization to work, and that's something worth while in these times. And we still get a kick out of having proved that even yet it's possible to start a metropolitan newspaper on a shoestring."

That, after all, is the most astonishing and the most heartening feature of the *News-Herald's* success. The fact that an enterprise so complex and relatively costly as a modern newspaper can be built from the ground up and maintained successfully. But the really unique fact is that from the very beginning the *News-Herald* has been a co-operative venture. At its masthead every day the *News-Herald* still publishes, quite truthfully, the line "Owned and Controlled by the Staff."

Jobless Men Co-operate

ALL THIS doesn't mean, of course, that the business of establishing a newspaper in a large city has grown any simpler in the last few years. Anyone who knows anything at all about publishing will tell you that newspaper production is about the most complicated proposition imaginable and that it still requires capital—usually a great deal of capital, unless you are prepared to accept the long, long odds that the founders of the *News-Herald* took. What makes the *News-Herald* venture so unusual is not that the odds were accepted but that the gamble was won. Scores of other attempts to launch a newspaper under similar circumstances would have failed dismally after the first few months.

"Probably we had some luck—in spots," confesses J. Noel Kelly, the young editor who has been boss of the editorial rooms since the *News-Herald's* beginning. "But mostly it's been co-operation and the sort of loyalty that keeps you plugging away even when the outlook is black."

But however hopeless the situation might have seemed to the pioneers of the *News-Herald* after the paper was once established, it wasn't anything like as bad as it had been before, when the only reasonable prospect for several of the staff had been an uncomfortable place in the bread line.

Most of the men who started the *News-Herald* had been members of the Vancouver *Star* organization, which had flickered for a few rather melancholy seasons in the morning sky and then vanished behind the clouds of depression. Brigadier-General Victor Odlum had been the publisher of the *Star*, and it had been his purpose to maintain a sound conservative morning paper in a city that traditionally had given most of its support to the two solidly entrenched afternoon papers—the *Province*, largest of the Southam group, and the *Sun*, owned by the late dynamic Robert Cromie. General Odlum had many other interests. Publishing appealed to him, but it was a side line and, as the months passed, the side line became increasingly unprofitable. When he threatened indefinite suspension in the winter of 1932 the announcement was not particularly surprising to anyone, but to the staff of the *Star* it was bitter news.

At first *Star* employees banked on the hope that the clouds would pass, that publication would soon be resumed. But when weeks dragged into months, prospects of re-employment became slimmer. The other newspapers absorbed a few of the *Star* men, but at that time newspapers were adding to their staffs. Jobs, especially newspaper jobs, were scarce.

"A group of us would meet occasionally and discuss the possibility of starting our own paper," recalls Kelly. "But everyone kept telling us what we were already pretty sure of—that it would require about half a million dollars to carry out our plan. In the winter of 1932 they might just as well have made it a billion; it would have been no more difficult to obtain."

Selling a Non-Existent Product

SO IT was just a day dream, to be talked over the coffee cups, in the same category as voyages to the South Seas, fortunes from the Irish sweep and other fantasies. But people do rash things when they are desperate, and some of the *Star* men were approaching that condition. When, as a sort of lark, the boys went to work on a canvass of businessmen and secured signed pledges totalling $5,000, someone a little more hopeful than the rest exclaimed, "Well, what are we waiting for? Let's go to work!"

It was work, all right, and not just mental toil either. When, with a capital substantially greater than $5,000 as a result of loans, the ex-*Star* men rented a small downtown building as headquarters, they rolled up their sleeves and cleaned and scrubbed the long vacant, dust-covered rooms and made them moderately presentable to prospective advertisers, subscribers and the staff.

The whole idea behind the *News-Herald* was explained by the originators to representatives of all departments of the now defunct *Star*. Obviously it would be a step in the dark, but there was very little to lose and perhaps a good deal to gain. It would be an adventure at any rate, and co-operative. Everyone joining the enterprise would have an equal chance.

They went ahead on that basis. A small cash salary plus an interest in the enterprise in the form of stock was offered. Even the trade unions responded, thus hurdling a barrier that some had imagined would be insurmountable. The printers dropped their wage standards, were reasonable, and recognized that men employed, even at less than the established scale, were in a better position than men without jobs at all.

For several weeks prior to publication, *News-Herald* advertising and circulation men had a difficult assignment, trying to sell something that didn't exist. They could only tell their prospects what they hoped their product would be. It was a heartbreaking job at times. The *Star's* recent experience had only confirmed the deeply seated conviction that Vancouver simply wouldn't support a morning newspaper. Even the more optimistic advertisers estimated that the *News-Herald* would last perhaps two weeks, not much longer.

But there was a psychological element that favored the *News-Herald*. The venture had set Vancouver talking. "You'll have to give these boys credit for trying," Vancouver was saying. "They've proved they want to work. They ought to be given the chance."

And so ten thousand people signed up for a *News-Herald* subscription, even before they had the slightest notion of the sort of paper they would receive and only the vaguest guess as to how long it would be delivered to their doors.

A Haywire Outfit

PRODUCTION presented another problem, just as it does to every newspaper. It had been hard enough signing up advertising on an "if, as and when" basis, and getting subscribers on the assurance that one of these days they'd get a paper. Obtaining adequate mechanical equipment for the publication of the *News-Herald* was even harder. The paper simply had to have a press. The board of directors, consisting of all the department heads of the "dream paper," consulted an old time printer. What to do? He scratched his head and thought in silence for a long while.

"I think I've got it," he said eventually, and he told them about an ancient press that could probably be bought for a few hundred dollars. It was a pretty hopeless-looking machine, and when it was inspected, under an accumulated

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Grass vs. Drought

Crested Wheat Grass may solve the soil-drifting problem of the Western dry belt

By W. J. BRADLEY

SCORCHING winds whip across the wheat belt. Giant swirls of sand, lashed by the windstorm, darken the sky. The farmer watches his drifting acres and ponders the wisdom of seeding grain at all. His grimy face turns westward and his gaze penetrates the dust wall for rain clouds which never come. It is drought.

No matter what the weather may bring this year, Western Canada will not forget the scorching experience of the past seven years. And the problems created by drought still remain.

Soil drifting has become an increasing menace in Saskatchewan. During the drought period the area affected steadily increased in size until last year almost one half of the province suffered in some degree. In the 171 municipalities regarded by the Dominion Government as the "Federal Drought Area," the problem of soil drifting is of major importance. Even in the newer farm areas, where land has been cleared of brush, cultivated and seeded to grain, outbreaks have occurred.

Cultural methods of soil-drifting control have been given great attention. Among the most important of these are strip farming, the use of tillage implements appropriate to different soil types, and the correct and timely operation of tillage machinery. These methods are designed to preserve a covering of waste plant material and a layer of lumpy soil at the surface as a buffer against the erosive action of the wind.

Such artificial means of soil-drifting control are effective when applied skilfully and in keeping with the most recent approved methods. But another method, suggested by nature herself, is now attracting the attention of the wheat farmer. It is the restoration of fibre to the soil by the systematic use of grass wherever soil-drifting is a major problem. An ideal grass for this purpose is now available.

Will Grow Without Summer Rain

CRESTED Wheat Grass is nature's answer to soil drifting, as well as her offering to starving herds of cattle on dried-out western plains. It will grow whether summer rains come or not, will shoot its roots deeply into the soil, re-forming a fibrous mass similar to the original prairie sod.

Enthusiasm for the performance of this new grass under extreme drought conditions has been expressed by a growing army of farmers.

Convincing evidence that Crested Wheat Grass will control drifting under the most extreme conditions is seen when a field of it is plowed. The sod is full of grass rootlets and contains as much fibre as the original prairie sod.

A single plant of the grass, two years old, was washed away from the earth by an official of the Dominion Forage Crops Laboratory at Saskatoon. It was found that the roots extended seven feet into the ground and that the plant had produced more than 300 miles of root system.

At the Scott Dominion Experimental Farm, Superintendent G. D. Matthews has conducted tests with Crested Wheat Grass for several years. He has shown that with late fall seeding, good stands could be obtained on abandoned land under extreme drought conditions.

The grass can be seeded among Russian thistles with success. It is hardy enough to crowd out the weed and establish itself firmly. Mr. Matthews has successfully demonstrated large-scale regrassing on abandoned sandy land covered with Russian thistle.

In experiments at the Swift Current Dominion Experimental Farm, conducted by Superintendent L. B. Thomson in 1936 and 1937, it was found that the seedling vigor of Crested Wheat Grass was high. All plantings of Crested Wheat Grass survived sufficiently for a stand to be obtained both when seeded on stubble and on summer fallow. Under the same test, crops of alfalfa, Western Rye Grass and Brome Grass failed entirely on stubble and gave stands on summer fallow only when seeded during favorable periods.

At the Dominion Range Experimental Station at Manyberries, Alberta, Dr. S. E. Clarke seeded an abandoned field to Crested Wheat Grass in 1929. This field has been grazed continuously since that time and despite the intervening dry years the grass is still productive as ever and continues to hold its own against weeds.

The grass spikelets

Seven foot roots

Four-year growth at Manyberries, Alta.

Wheat grass seed (right) does not crumble

Dr. L. E. Kirk.

Dr. T. M. Stevenson

Depending upon spring moisture for almost all of its growth, Crested Wheat Grass becomes established earlier than other grasses. In May, three weeks before flies and insect pests have had a chance to attack livestock, animals may be put out to pasture.

Provides Pasture

AT THE end of the season, too, Crested Wheat Grass supplies extra pasture. For three weeks after all other grasses have become ineffective as feed, it is still green.

In experiments at the Judith Basin, Montana, Experimental Branch Station, it was shown in 1934 that steers put out to pasture on Crested Wheat Grass produced 44.35 pounds of beef per acre. Those pastured on Brome Grass produced 35.71 pounds, and those on native grass 10.88 pounds per acre. The steers on Crested Wheat Grass were pastured for 132 days, compared with 125 days for Brome Grass and forty-two days for the native grass. They gained an average of 261.3 pounds, whereas those on Brome Grass gained 206.7 pounds, and those on native grass 64.2 pounds per animal.

In common with many of the native grasses, Crested Wheat Grass cures on the ground. It possesses the same high nutrient qualities as the native grass.

In recent years farmers in the Prairie Provinces have suffered greatly from lack of feed and fodder for winter feeding. Failure of the wheat crop has been a great loss, but when insufficient roughage can be raised to allow winter feeding of farm animals, the situation really becomes disastrous.

In 1937 the feed situation was so bad that the Hon. J. G. Gardiner, Minister of Agriculture, found it necessary to move more than 90,000 head of cattle from the Federal Drought Area of Western Canada. The canner and cutter cattle were shipped direct to packing plants, and the better kinds to a huge community pasture at Carberry, Man., where they were sold by auction.

Despite this Government move, which cost the people of Canada roughly $500,000, it was found that 400,000 tons of hay was still needed to feed the animals remaining in the area. Even so, reports from many sections indicate that cattle died from starvation.

Although such intense drought conditions are not normal, the need for some hardy plant to provide feed even in fairly good years is readily seen. If there is enough moisture to support plant growth at all, Crested Wheat Grass will supply feed.

Under normal conditions the new grass will outyield other forage crops for hay. Closely measured tests at the University of Saskatchewan between 1929 and 1936 revealed that an average crop of 2,267 pounds of hay per acre could be reaped from Crested Wheat Grass fields. Slender Wheat Grass supplied 1,667 pounds per acre on the eight-year average.

From Russian Steppes

DOCTOR L. E. KIRK, former Dominion Agrostologist at Ottawa, who returned to Saskatoon last autumn as dean of the College of Agriculture at the University of Saskatchewan, is the man Western Canada can thank for the introduction of Crested Wheat Grass.

He is the man who, co-operating with nature, scientifically selected a variety of the grass suitable to the Great Central Plains region. His work, which culminated in the introduction of the now famous "Fairway" variety, was started at Saskatoon in 1915.

"Crested Wheat Grass does prevent soil-drifting and will provide some feed even in the driest years. Under normal moisture conditions, it is more productive than any other grass in the dry area," Dean Kirk says.

The first importation of Crested Wheat Grass was made by the United States Department of Agriculture in 1898. The seed was obtained from the steppe region of Russia.

In 1915 Dean Kirk obtained a sample from Washington, and later some samples were secured from Montana and many more directly from Russia. These were used as parent material in the selection work which resulted in the introduction of "Fairway."

By 1925 a precious bushel of Fairway seed was ready for distribution to farmers, but this was destroyed in flames which engulfed the University of Saskatchewan engineering building in the winter of that year.

Fortunately, the original plants still remained in the experimental field and it was possible to make a new start with seed harvested the next year.

In the spring of 1927 an acre of land was seeded at the university to increase the supply, and this acre provided a continuous supply of Elite stock seed for seven successive years.

It was not until 1931 that a few farmers had seed for sale, but since then the number of growers has rapidly increased until today small fields of Crested Wheat Grass, planted for seed production, are to be seen on hundreds of Western farms.

During recent years, the rapid multiplication of Crested Wheat Grass seed has received the attention of the

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Pounds Disappear On

THE NEW BREAD DIET!

You Grow Lovelier . . . Enjoy Sparkling Health as Weight Comes Off this Safe, Easy Way

AN alluring figure, splendid energy . . . these are gifts every woman longs for.

And they can be yours—without resorting to strenuous diets that starve your nerves and drain you of vital energy.

The new Bread Diet gives you a sane, easy way to reduce without exhausting your system. For bread is a perfect combination of carbohydrates and proteins that *burns up* fat. And while you're losing pounds, this important energy food is actually building up muscle and nerve tissue that makes you strong and energetic.

This amazing new Bread Diet is based on four years of research in leading laboratories and universities. Scientists have found that bread itself is not fattening. By substituting bread for foods that are nearly all starch, excess fat is safely changed into energy.

If you long for a gloriously slim figure, try the new Bread Diet. Eat meals you enjoy, keep up your energy—yet lose weight, pound by pound.

A Slim, Graceful Figure Without Starvation

Extreme diets seriously menace your health—lower your resistance, cause nervous irritation. But on the new Bread Diet, you can eat delicious, satisfying meals while you grow thinner. And—most important, because bread is a vital energy food—you can eat *six slices of bread* every day. Try the new Bread Diet! Send for free booklet today.

You Can Play 9 Holes of Golf on 3 Slices of Bread

Bread supplies sustained energy that keeps you going for hours at a time. It is a vital food necessity for everybody and especially important if you are reducing. You need it for a steady flow of pep and vitality. Diet authorities advise 6 slices of bread daily to keep up strength and energy.

20 PAGE BOOK . . . COMPLETE BREAD DIET GUIDE FREE!

This valuable book tells you just what you should weigh for your age and height—how much food you should eat to reach your ideal weight. Gives complete Bread Diet menus for a whole week—and ways to vary the menus to suit your needs.

Years of time and thousands of dollars in laboratory and research expense went into this book. Many people consider it the most valuable book on sensible dieting ever printed. Now you can get it FREE. Fill out and mail coupon at once.

BUY BREAD FROM YOUR BAKER

The finest bread that can be baked today is sold by your local baker. His trained skill, scientific equipment—and the very finest materials—give you a loaf that is unsurpassed in wholesomeness and delicious flavor.

STANDARD BRANDS LIMITED
Fraser Avenue and Liberty Street,
Toronto 2, Ont.

Please send my free copy of "The Bread Diet."

Name____________________

Street____________________

Town_____________Prov.________

That warning SHADOW

THE first signs of "getting stout" are Nature's warning to check on your habits of diet and exercise. But your scales cannot tell you what you should weigh. To check your weight intelligently, you will be aided by the helpful information in the Metropolitan booklet "Overweight and Underweight."

If you are over thirty, a weight 10 to 20 pounds below the average is desirable. Excess fat is often associated with heart disease, diabetes, kidney trouble and high blood pressure. Furthermore, fat may be a handicap in surgical operations and in certain acute diseases, especially pneumonia. As a rule, fat people do not live as long as those of normal weight.

Under thirty, it is better to weigh 5 to 10 pounds more than the average. Extreme slenderness in young persons may endanger health. A few extra pounds help in early life to protect against tuberculosis.

What can you do about overweight? Fortunately, in almost every case it can be brought safely under control by exercise and by cutting down on fattening foods. But before making drastic efforts to reduce your weight it is important to have a physician examine you.

He will tell you what your weight should be, help you plan a diet, and advise how to effect a moderate, steady loss of weight. That is a far wiser course than quick reducing methods.

When reducing you don't need to starve or suffer distress. You can eat three adequate meals a day and still lose weight.

Send for the Metropolitan booklet "Overweight and Underweight" which has many suggestions for reducing sanely and safely, subject to your doctor's approval. Your copy will be mailed, free, on request. Address Booklet Department 6-M-38, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

METROPOLITAN LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

FREDERICK H. ECKER
Chairman of the Board

LEROY A. LINCOLN
President

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE OTTAWA

SERVING CANADA SINCE 1872

Looms of Conflict

Continued from page [illegible]

time from the [illegible] pen. We're not bidding, [illegible]"

"Whether you like it or not, Mr. Holcomb, that's what it amounts to. I'm sorry. If I had known the situation I wouldn't have come butting in." Harmon was sick with discouragement and disappointment. "There's no use going on with it."

"Don't be ridiculous. I have no quarrel with Daggett. One of my best friends. Nancy's fiancé. He's the last man in the world who would try to injure us. He'll help us in everything." Holcomb recapped his fountain pen and put the agreement on the table. "This is all in order, Harmon. Your signature, Eckelstein's signature and now mine."

Before Harmon could move to stop him the old man had scribbled his name at the foot of the document. He fumbled among the papers for the two copies, muttering to himself.

"Can't back out now, Harmon," he said, thrusting one of the copies into his pocket. He signed the other. "Witness these, Nancy." He beamed at Harmon. "Can't [illegible] you be silly enough to back out on *that* agreement, my boy."

"But, dad," protested Nancy, "that's not fair. Just because Mr. Harmon brought those papers here, with his name already signed to them—"

Harmon shrugged.

"Let it ride. I'll go through with it. But I'm warning you, Mr. Holcomb, you're giving me complete authority. Don't kid yourself about Charles Daggett. He wants Rainbow. I hope he leaves me alone, but I'm betting he won't. And if he tangles with me he'll have to protect himself in the clinches."

Nancy flushed angrily. Her chin went up.

"I'm sorry you feel that way, Kent. But you're wrong. You won't have anything to fear from Mr. Daggett."

"I quit believing in Santa Claus when I was nine years old," Harmon told her. "And the less Daggett knows about our plans for Rainbow the better I'll be pleased."

Nancy's eyes blazed.

"Kent Harmon! Are you suggesting—do you insinuate for a minute that I can't be trusted? Why of all the mean, despicable, insulting—"

Nancy was so angry that she couldn't finish. She gave Harmon a look that should have shrivelled him, and stamped out of the room.

MA GRIGGS and Lute were thrown into a state of high excitement by Harmon's news that Rainbow was to reopen. And Jim Bradley was jubilant.

"I knew you'd swing it!" he roared, pounding Harmon on the back. "Watch our smoke now!"

Ma Griggs had to restrain forcibly her lanky husband from setting out for the mill at midnight "just to check up on the machinery." As it was, the master mechanic was out of the house and off to his beloved plant at an early hour next morning.

The [illegible], Ma Griggs told Harmon, was coming along like a house afire and was well on the way to recovery. The course of the illness had been checked in time and the Indian's strong constitution had done the rest.

Harmon visited the sick room early next morning. Joe grinned with pleasure.

"You have good trip, Mr. Harmon?"

"Swell. How are you feeling? You look plenty better than you did a week ago, Joe."

"Big sick," Joe said solemnly. "Pretty soon plenty no strong. Ask doctor when I get up."

"Take it easy," Harmon advised. "There's no hurry about getting up. [illegible]

[illegible] I get it. This isn't coaxing, you're [illegible]. And don't get any ideas about heading back to the bush as soon as you're on your feet again. I'm going to make you my chauffeur."

This time Joe's grin was radiant.

"Good," he grunted. "Me drive car fast. Quick like lightning."

"Drive too fast and I'll fire you," laughed Harmon. "I'm having my car sent up from the city. So stay in bed and get strong again."

There was plenty of work to be done. Harmon and Jim Bradley were out of the house and on their way to the mill by eight-thirty, impatient to be clearing the decks for action. At that, Harmon found Nancy had reached the office ahead of them.

She gave him a cool nod. Harmon went over to her desk.

"I'm sorry about last night, Nancy," he said. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings." He extended his hand. "Friends again?"

Nancy ignored the hand, went on flipping cards from an index file.

"Of course," she said primly. "I'm as anxious to see Rainbow in operation as you are. More, perhaps."

Her manner was briskly remote. Harmon realized that the old comradeship was gone. The shadow of Daggett hung between them.

"That's fine," he said, matching her own impersonal tone. "I'll need your help. How about workers? Think we can get many of the old hands back?"

"I'm going through our lists now. A lot of our old workers have kept in touch with us. I'll make a list of the names and addresses and mail cards to them today. The employment office in Augusta should be notified too."

"Right. And about your own position here. You'll stay on as superintendent, won't you, at superintendent's salary? Until we get the wheels turning, however, you can help me a bit here in the office."

"You are in complete authority," Nancy reminded him, primly as ever. "Tell me what you want done and I'll attend to it."

"Good. I just want to be sure we understand each other. I want all the data on the operation of the company store. What's the system? Charge accounts against the weekly pay cheques?"

Nancy indicated a bank of filing cabinets. "You'll find all the information you want in the store file. Shall I sort it out for you?"

"No thanks. I'll wade into it myself. Keep on at those employment cards. And you'll see about phoning the employment office?"

"At nine o'clock."

And so the big job of getting Rainbow into operation again got under way. Harmon was busy all morning digesting the data on the company store operation and telephoning city wholesalers. He plowed through a great deal of work in spite of the fact that David Holcomb came doddering in at ten o'clock and spent the rest of the morning trying to be helpful. He tried to put troublesome thoughts of Nancy out of his mind, but every little while he would find himself thinking of the astounding fact of her engagement to Daggett. Even yet he could scarcely believe it. The situation was full of dynamite. Sooner or later, unless Daggett decided against interference, she would have to choose between Daggett and Rainbow.

"And knowing Daggett as I do," reflected Harmon, "I'm betting he'll figure out some way to fight without turning Nancy against him at the same time."

THE FIRST of the job-seekers arrived shortly after noon, a husky young man with his wife and two children wedged in a battered old car with a miscellaneous assortment of groceries, household goods and bedclothing.

"Well, here we are, Miss Holcomb," he announced. "I was in the employment office when they put up the notice. We packed what we had and started. Can we have the same house as before? Our stove is in it and a bed and such. Number three, Third Street. The rest of our stuff is coming by truck."

The second car arrived half an hour later. From then on they came in a stream. Old employees were given first consideration. By night Rainbow was beginning to live again. There were people in the long-deserted streets, lights shining in the windows of houses that had been dark for months, trucks roaring on the roads. Rainbow's hotel was a clamorous hive of activity as the vacant rooms of the boardinghouse were snapped up.

Harmon found Ma Griggs bustling about the kitchen in a perfect flurry of excitement, her face flushed and perspiring.

"I don't know how I'm ever goin' to live through another such day," she spluttered. "I nearly croaked the last time and this will be worse. A body might as well die and be done with it."

"Hire enough help and let them work," suggested Harmon. "You sit around and be the boss."

Ma snorted.

"A fat lot of work I'd get done that way. You may be all right to run a mill, but you never tried to run a boardinghouse. Help! I never hired a girl yet that was worth half what I paid her, or wasn't twice as much bother as she was worth. Boss nothin'! If I hired enough help to do the work I'd need roller skates to check up on 'em."

Harmon laughed. "Why don't you sell out, then?"

"Sell out!" exclaimed Ma Griggs indignantly. "Well, of all the crazy ideas. Why, I'd as soon think of sellin' Lute. Besides, I guess I'd never see him anyway. Sell out indeed. Why, I like it. I'm just bustin' with happiness to hear feet clatterin' on the stairs again and see men smokin' their pipes on the verandah, and know there'll be a rush at the dining room for supper."

Next morning the rush of job-seekers reached its height. Nancy and her father, with Bradley pressed into service to help them, were furiously busy in the office. An atmosphere of excitement permeated Rainbow. The mill town had come to life with a bang.

Harmon, wanting to make sure that all the machinery had been checked, went in search of Lute. He found the master mechanic with target and transit checking the alignment of a line of shafting from which a defective pulley had been removed. As seriously as an astronomer charting the course of a new star, Lute peered through the glass and made microscopic figures on a bit of smoothly planed board which he used in place of a scratch pad.

"It's settled a bit," Lute said as he made a swift calculation and jotted down the result. "It always does after the frost gets out of the ground. That southwest end's down three sixteenths of an inch. I'll have to jack those hangers up a mite to get it into line."

"Better get a few good men to help you. I'll leave it to you to pick your crew. How many did you have during the last previous run?"

"Four besides myself."

"You'll need more than that," Harmon said, "for we're going to run three shifts. That will mean more work. There is bound to be breakage. Hire at least two extra men. I can't risk having my machines lie idle too long. And another thing, Lute. There will be a lot more applicants for work all day than [illegible] dozen cars parked by the [illegible] now. I would like to have you go up there and pick out four or five men who know [illegible] and saw. I want to outfit a crew and send them up the river to cut wood along the banks. There are thousands of cords there and I want a few hundred of them floated down and stacked where we can use them in an emergency. It's an easy matter for a shipment of coal to be wrongly routed, and I don't propose to be caught napping. You get the crew together and hold them here. I'll bring in supplies and equipment this afternoon and we'll start them out tomorrow."

"It's an expensive way to make steam," Lute objected, "but it can be done. All right. I'll pick 'em out."

"Not so expensive as to be without it, Lute. We'll [illegible] hands. It wouldn't take much to hold us. A few machines crippled [illegible] everything to slow down or keep us idle. [illegible] a few weeks would turn the trick. I want to cover every possible loophole."

"I'll do my part," Lute promised. "I could trust every one of the old crew, and I think I can get them all back. As for the new ones," he paused and ground his toothless gums together ominously, "[illegible] I'll watch [illegible] the [illegible] if [illegible] before it's done, it's just too bad for him, that's all."

THERE WAS something heartening in the man's loyalty to the cause and his fierce devotion to the machinery [illegible] which he had come to look upon with almost paternal fondness. Impulsively, Harmon extended his hand.

"It will be just a few of us against the world, Lute," he said, "but we'll try to make a fight of it. I know you'll do your part. As long as I have charge here, your job is secure."

Lute blinked rapidly as he accepted the proffered hand, while his Adam's apple slid up his scrawny throat until it threatened to choke him. "Thanks," he managed to say at last, and his shrill voice was husky with emotion. "I [illegible] sorta figured I wouldn't fit in with your plans. Thought you'd probably want a younger man. I'll do my best."

"It isn't necessary to tell me that," Harmon answered. "Miss Holcomb told me I could rely on you, but I hope I would have done so anyway."

"Nancy, eh? I didn't know whether she'd recommend me or not. She's all right, but she's a woman and her judgment ain't always the best. I told her so a spell back and she didn't like it very well."

"No? Well, she's a woman. She wouldn't know much about machinery."

"This didn't have nothin' to do with machinery," Lute assured him. "[illegible] just a plain everyday [illegible] got [illegible] she was goin' to marry [illegible] feller and I told her what I thought of him. We had quite a set-to."

"Daggett?"

"You know about him, huh? Yeah, that's the one. He's been up here a lot. Never could figure if he was more interested in Nancy or the mill. He prowled around this plant for hours. I bet he knows as much about it as I do—almost."

Lute was evidently willing to gossip, but Harmon was in no mood for [illegible] Nancy's affairs with the master mechanic. He went down to the garage, where one of the new employees had already been put in charge of the fleet of trucks that had lain idle so long. Harmon took out a light delivery truck and set off for Belton. On the way he met many cars [illegible] heading toward Rainbow and [illegible] trailer truck loaded to capacity with [illegible] of wood.

"Ten tons of it! Boy," [illegible] Harmon. "I'll bet there hasn't been that much wood hauled [illegible] Rainbow [illegible]"

He spent a busy morning in Belton. An interview with the local bank manager occupied an hour, and another [illegible] with the freight agent [illegible] of activity to come. He ordered the equipment for the wood-cutting crew. [illegible] were phoned to the wholesaler.

Then Harmon started [illegible] back [illegible] he found a red-headed young man tilted back [illegible] a lofty legal tome propped up on his knees. The young man peered [illegible] through horn-rimmed spectacles.

"I thought you were the landlord," [illegible]

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[illegible]

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May 13th 1875

There wasn't so much letter writing in Canada prior to 1875 because in addition to the sender affixing postage stamps the recipient had to pay extra for delivery. On May 13th of that year free postal delivery was inaugurated in several of the larger Canadian cities.

here's another date you should know

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FLASHLIGHTS and FRESH BATTERIES

said sonorously. "Don't tell me you're a client?"

"Your name is Bliss?"

"Correct."

"The bank manager recommended you." Harmon opened his wallet, counted out five twenty-dollar bills and tossed them on the desk. "Just a retainer. My name is Harmon."

Bliss looked solemnly and reverently at the money.

"You've hired a lawyer," he said. "Providing it's honest work."

"It was your own reputation for honesty that brought me here."

Harmon sat down and explained himself. He told Bliss the nature of his enterprise at Rainbow and outlined the circumstances.

"So?" remarked Bliss when Harmon finished. "You expect trouble. And where do I come in?"

"I want someone out here in Bolton, someone with his ear to the ground for rumors of trouble. Situations may arise that will call for legal advice."

Bliss pocketed the money.

"Delighted," he said. "Frankly I wasn't working when you came in. I was just staring at the law book and wondering how in time I was going to pay my office rent. I think I understand your problem, Mr. Harmon. If I hear anything that you should know I'll be at the telephone in two jumps."

"Good. And I hope you never have occasion to earn your fee."

IN HIS private office Charles Daggett sat scowling at a confidential report that had just reached his desk. It was entirely different from the report he had expected and Daggett was digesting the disagreeable knowledge that he had guessed wrong.

> "I don't know what arrangements have been made with Holcomb, but Rainbow is very definitely reopening. All former employees have been notified that the mill will reopen Monday to operate at capacity after tune-up. Wool shipments already going in, employees already reporting, workers being taken on, company houses being occupied, company store being completely stocked. Holcomb and his daughter are in the office but Harmon is in full authority. I have been unable to learn where Harmon got his backing but it appears to be substantial. This may be merely a bluff—operating on a shoestring of a few thousand dollars and trying to give the impression of ample resources. Harmon seems to have covered up his tracks pretty well in this respect. I have no information as to where the output will go and it will be difficult to learn this until shipments begin."

Daggett's scowl deepened. Something had gone wrong. He had assumed that his telephone call to Nancy would settle Harmon's hash but apparently it had been a waste of breath. Casually, as if the whole affair was too ridiculous to be taken seriously, Daggett had told her he had heard rumors to the effect that Kent Harmon was trying to get a foothold at Rainbow. And in the same casual manner he had warned her that Harmon wasn't to be trusted.

Daggett thought he had handled the matter very diplomatically. A word, a mere hint, he felt, would be enough. Now it seemed he had miscalculated. He should have talked to Holcomb himself and his warning should have been much more vigorous.

He picked up the report, studied it again. Daggett was a clever man and his position in regard to Rainbow Mills was one of the greatest delicacy. He had very special plans for Rainbow and he had taken it for granted that his engagement to Nancy Holcomb would insure the carrying out of those plans when the right time came. The time, however, would be when David Holcomb threw up his hands in surrender and Daggett came to the rescue as a prospective son-in-law should—but using Nationwide Woollens resources to acquire the property for himself.

Daggett was looking to the future and he was not deterred by scruples of loyalty to Nationwide Woollens. He visioned a day when one swift coup would put him in control of a textile kingdom of his own with Rainbow as the capital, when the directors of Nationwide would wake up to find themselves left with the mills Charles Daggett didn't want.

By maintaining even temporary control of Rainbow and prolonging the independent existence of the plant, Kent Harmon was threatening Daggett's plans at a vital point.

Daggett reached for the telephone. His first impulse was to go directly to Rainbow and have a showdown with Holcomb. He could, he was confident, bully the old man into anything. Then he drew back his hand.

"No," Daggett told himself. "My best play is to wait. This is costing Harmon plenty. Let him spend money for a few weeks. Let him get into this up to his neck. Then crack down."

As to the outcome of the "cracking-down" process, when the time came Daggett had no misgivings.

ONE WEEK from the following Saturday Harmon saw his first load of cloth roll away from the shipping room door. The street in front of the mill office was crowded with mill workers. A cheer broke out as the truck swung around the corner of the mill and started up the grade. It swelled to a roar when Harmon came out onto the office steps.

"There won't be any ceremony about the other shipments that will follow this one," he shouted. "But we felt the first load deserved a little good-by party of its own. It's a big event for me, a big event for Rainbow. It means a great deal to us all. For a good many of you it means the difference between relief and a chance to earn a decent wage. It has cost a lot of money to put this mill into operation again."

"You'll get it back!" roared a big weaver.

"I hope so. If you have any complaints about working conditions I'm always willing to listen. If you have any complaints about wages, keep 'em to yourselves," grinned Harmon, "until Rainbow has a chance to make a little money."

The crowd roared. Rainbow was paying above the average scale. Many of the mill people hadn't seen a pay envelope in months.

"We're making our first shipment today. The mill is running smoothly. I hope it continues to run smoothly, that you'll enjoy working here and that cloth shipments will be rolling out of here for years to come. Thanks, folks, and let's give the truck driver a hand."

A deafening cheer echoed back from the mill walls as the truck moved off down the road. Harmon watched it with mixed emotions. It seemed too good to be true. Expecting all kinds of trouble, he had been puzzled and relieved when no trouble developed.

Everything had gone without a hitch. Knowing something of the thousand and one difficulties and annoyances that had beset another mill that had attempted to reopen in defiance of Nationwide, he had been prepared for everything from delayed wool shipments to sabotage. Harmon wondered if it meant that Daggett had decided not to fight. On Nancy's account? Perhaps. But it wasn't easy to credit.

"Rainbow's comeback!" breathed a voice at his shoulder.

Nancy stood beside him watching the truck lurching down the road, her eyes glowing. Impulsively she rested her hand on his arm.

"You've done wonders, Kent."

"We," he corrected. "We've done a lot of blamed hard work. And I've got a notion that the real fight hasn't started yet."

"You're such a pessimist!" she exclaimed, giving his arm an impatient little shake. "Fight! We're not fighting with anyone."

Harmon looked down at her.

"I sincerely hope not," he said. "Because if we are, there's a time coming when your loyalty is going to be put to a terrible test. You're a swell girl, Nancy, and a good superintendent. I don't know how I'd get along without you."

"Do you think there's a possibility that you may have to get along without me?"

Harmon shrugged.

"That depends."

"Upon what?" demanded Nancy readily.

"Perhaps we'd better not cross that bridge until we come to it."

"Why do you spoil everything?" Nancy said. "I was feeling so happy . . ." She turned quickly and went back into the office. Harmon felt depressed. Ever since the night he had learned of her engagement to Daggett he had tried to keep his thoughts clear of Nancy. He wouldn't admit to himself that he had been halfway in love with her from the first time he saw her, but there was no gainsaying the fact that her loveliness set up strange disturbances in his mind every time he had occasion to go into the office.

"Women and business," reflected Harmon bitterly, "don't mix."

HE WENT down into the mill, looking for Bradley. He found his friend in the dye house office with the Scots bookkeeper, MacTague, hunched over a table on which was spread a sheet of brown wrapping paper covered with innumerable crude pencil sketches.

"Just the man we want!" exclaimed Bradley. "Come and take a look at this, Kent. I had an idea last night and I've been trying to explain it to Mac but he's too dumb to get it."

"Tut, tut," grumbled MacTague.

"Oh, he understands it all right," admitted Bradley, "but the penny pincher says it will cost too much. Look here, Kent, did you ever see a piece of cloth dyed different colors?"

"Why, of course. So have you—thousands of them."

"You are thinking of stock dyeing—weaving the colors in after the yarn is dyed. I mean piece dyeing—coloring a cut of white material as many different shades as you like, and keeping each color separate. You never saw anything like that, did you?"

"No, and neither did anyone else," laughed Harmon as he thought of the immense kettles, each holding thousands of gallons of furiously boiling dye mixture through which sixteen seventy-yard cuts could be run at once, their ends sewed together that they might revolve over a slowly turning reel until they had absorbed the last available atom of dye in the liquor. "It's impossible."

"Maybe it is," Bradley agreed, "and then again maybe it ain't. At first I thought it was but now I ain't so sure. Remember that shower we had the other afternoon? And the rainbow afterward? I was lookin' at it and thinkin' if I could dye cloth like that every woman in the country would sprain an ankle tryin' to get a piece of it, and then the thought struck me how it might be done."

"Yes?"

"It came to me in a flash," Bradley went on enthusiastically. "Look! Suppose you ran a piece of goods over two rolls that were a foot apart, and had the back one drag enough to keep the cloth tightly stretched. Then suppose you had a tiny stream of dye, just a little stream not more than a sixteenth of an inch wide—running on the cloth as it passed under it. Suppose, right behind that, you had a jet of live steam striking on that line of color and driving it down through the cloth. What would be the result?"

"A stripe with an indeterminate edge running the length of the piece of goods," Harmon answered promptly.

"All right! Even Mac here agrees to that. Suppose then you had a hundred of these streams, each a slight gradation of color from the other, running on it at once. I mean primary colors, rainbow hues—gradually from one to the other. What would you get then?"

"That would unquestionably give a— wait! Go over that again, will you? I'm afraid I wasn't following you very closely."

Bradley started, but he had not finished his explanation before Harmon interrupted excitedly. "It might work! By Jove, Bradley, you have something there."

"You bet he has." Mac's voice was unaccustomedly cheerful. "He'll [illegible] to pour dye stuff away as if he was dumping it down a sink drain. A ten ton truck couldn't haul it in here fast enough. Your plan will work, but it will cost ten dollars for every yard you dye by the method."

"Not by a blame sight," Bradley protested hotly. "I'll discharge it into separate containers and use it over and over."

"That's right," Harmon agreed. "A battery of small centrifugals could be piped to pump each lot back into its original fountain. By making the cut endless and running it several times I see no reason why you could not get a sufficient amount of color into it. It would be a ticklish job to set the colors, though. The darker shades would superimpose themselves over the light ones, I think."

"They would if we set them by the old method," Bradley said, "but we won't do that. We'll use some such system as this. Drive the fixer into it with steam rather than water. There's some way we can make it work."

"Go find Lute," Harmon advised, "and talk it over with him. If he thinks he can make the machine, I will put him to work on it. And I wouldn't talk much about it either if I were you. If it should prove practical there would be a fortune in it for someone—but you would have hard work to collect if someone else patented the idea."

"I don't want nothin' out of it," Bradley insisted. "If it works out it's yours, if you want to use it. It might be a good idea to slap a patent on it so Daggett can't get hold of it. Say," he cried delightedly, as a new thought struck him, "Wouldn't the bigshots be sore if we should come out with something like that? He'd crawl into his burrow then and pull the hole in after him."

THERE were, Harmon saw, possibilities in Bradley's plan. He knew well the fickleness of fashion—that senseless thing against whose decree the manufacturer has no appeal—but he was also well aware that many a man has achieved success merely by stumbling upon something which pleased fashion's whimsical fancy. If the idea worked it would give them a priceless advantage, for there was no question as to its potentiality.

They went in search of Lute, who listened without enthusiasm and finally expressed the opinion that the whole scheme was visionary, expensive, foolish, impractical and impossible.

"Not that I'm sayin' anything against it," he assured them hastily. "If I'm told to build a machine, I'll go ahead and build a machine no matter if it is a waste of time and money."

"Lots of great inventions were called crazy when they first came out," declared Bradley.

"Sure, sure, Mr. Bradley, you just keep calm and don't go gettin' yourself all excited. Mr. Harmon says I'm to build the machine, so I'll go ahead and build it."

Lute broke off suddenly and gaped out the window of his shabby little office.

"Derned if we ain't got a visitor," he exclaimed. "Yes sir, a real distinguished visitor, up to help us celebrate the first shipment. A smile on his face and a blackjack in his pocket, I'll bet. Have a look at him, Mr. Harmon."

A sleek, powerful, expensive looking car had rolled into the mill yard and was drawing to a stop in front of the office.

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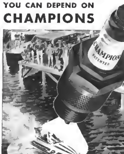

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Harmon saw a familiar, broad-shouldered figure step out.

"Who is it?" demanded Bradley, craning his neck to see.

"Daggett," said Harmon calmly.

Lute picked up a wrench.

"Well, what are we waitin' for? Nobody sent that skunk an engraved invitation that I know of. Ain't we goin' to throw him off the property?"

Daggett disappeared into the office.

"Come on," pleaded Bradley. "Let's give him the bum's rush. He's got no business around here—except monkey business."

Harmon didn't move. He gazed steadily out the window. A few moments later he saw Daggett emerge with Nancy Holcomb and her father. They got into the car and drove away.

To be Continued

Eve and Adam, Inc.

Continued from page 11—Starts on page 12

"Can I be of any assistance to moddom?"

"I want to see Madame Lalonde."

The blond mannequin's remote gaze was on Eve's slightly too-long last year's suit. "I am afraid—" she began. She raised her eyes to encounter Eve's and said hurriedly, "If moddom will be seated, I will see if moddom can see moddom."

Presently Madame Lalonde, swarthy and sharp-eyed, was saying, "Mademoiselle desires?"

Eve rose from her chair. "I want a dress for a ball." She moved a step closer to madam. "Look at me, madame. Take a good look. I have a quite decent figure and I do nothing about it. I've got good hair and I bunch it over my ears, and they're good ears. My hair is really very good—that copper color—so unusual, especially with topaz eyes. So with that hair and those eyes, what color do you suppose should I wear?"

Madame's little pudgy hands and black eyebrows had been moving upward together. Now she brought them down and, moving close to Eve, peered up into her face. "Nevaire," she said. "But nevaire 'ave I met wiz a *jeune fille so honnête, so courageuse*, wiz so much *caractère*. *C'est bon*—it ees very good. To know ze faults—and to correct zem—is *caractère*. And ze *caractère* eet ees ze foundation of charm. It—"

"Madame," said Eve, "I want something very special. Will you help me? I've got some money, not very much."

"'Ow much," said madame, "'ave you got?"

"Two hundred," said Eve.

Madame's dismayed shriek called *le bon Dieu* to witness that it was impossible. It was *pathétique*. It was—*figurez-vous et sapristi*—nothing like enough!

"*Cependant, ma petite*," she beamed on Eve. "We do our best, hein? To make you beautiful. For a young man—no?"

"No!" said Eve loudly. "There is no young man, madame."

Madame's flicked finger put this misstatement right back where it belonged. "Ollwase," she said firmly, "zere is a young man."

ON THE night of the club ball Adam telephoned Eve. "Look. We'll have to pass up dinner. I'm sorry, but I've got to go into town on important business. But I'll be round for you later. About ten?"

"I'll be ready."

Her cheeks were hot as she hung up the receiver. Adam's voice had sounded curt. It was understandable, of course. By this time his quixotic impulse to shield her from the consequences of her folly must be wearing pretty thin. He'd been perfect in the part of fiancé. But at the end of two weeks squiring one girl when his heart was in the keeping of another, he was naturally sick of the whole thing. It had been hard on him, and Yvonne hadn't helped to make it easier. She had said all but outright that she was still in the fight. She had brought up all her big guns and trained them on Adam. It was difficult for him; it would have been difficult for anyone to resist Yvonne in action. Eve had noticed how preoccupied he had been all week, and just now the curtness of his voice had shown her just how much he was regretting the situation in which he had placed himself.

"And that," she said to herself, "shows you just where you stand. So right now you'll do what you should have done in the first place—fade out of the picture."

The relief that flooded over her at that decision was so cruelly enlightening that she stood stock still, her eyes wide and her breath coming fast. If it had been difficult for Adam, it had been still more difficult for her. It had become now so difficult that she knew suddenly she could stand no more of it. She couldn't stand Adam's lightning changes from a loverlike attitude when they were in public to a careless camaraderie when they were alone. She couldn't stand it for the simple reason that it hurt too much.

She faced, aghast, all the implications in that realization.

The strength suddenly went out of her knees and she sat down hurriedly. Now the only thing to do, she told herself, was to finish this thing up quickly. To finish it up at once. She would tell Adam that she wouldn't stay out the three weeks. That she would go tomorrow and wouldn't go to the ball tonight. She would tell him now.

She reached for the telephone, but as she did so her hand brushed against the large pale green cardboard dress box with "Lalonde" scrawled in golden letters across the lid that was standing on a table at her side. For a long moment she stared at the box, her hand still on the telephone. Then she withdrew it and stood up. "Not tonight," she said slowly. "I'll leave tomorrow—but I'll have tonight."

AT TEN o'clock Eve faced Adam in the dingy hall of the boardinghouse. Her golden gown, soft as a cloud, molded her slender waist and billowed around her golden slippers. Her copper curls were drawn softly back from her little ears and piled high on her head beneath an old carved comb. Her topaz eyes were stars in her flushed face rising flowerlike from the fluffy golden collar of her jade wrap.

Adam stared. There was an expression that she could not read in his eyes. He whistled. "Perfect! What a line. Golden Glamor. And to think you owe it all to me."

Eve said indignantly, "To you? I like that!"

"And so do I. I like it very, very much. Certainly you owe it to me—remember how I epitomized your points?" He circled round her, his head back and his eyes half closed. "Am I good or am I good? I'm so good that I'm going to be better, a lot better. I'm going into the business. I'll be Monsieur Adam, Charm Services Limited. Lures for Ladies. Advice for a Price."

He stood still and his eyes sprang open. He said slowly, "Now there's an idea."

"There's an idea," Eve said briskly, "that we'll be too late for the ball if we don't get started."

"That's where you're wrong, lady." Adam came to life and strode to the door. "There's nothing like a spot of tardiness for pointing up an entrance. That," he said as he slid under the wheel of the car, "is only one of the pearls of wisdom that the psychological experts of Charm

Services, Ltd., offer to those who take our course."

THE DANCE was in full swing when Eve and Adam entered the club lounge, and by pure chance the orchestra chose that moment to slide into the current hit tune, "Remember Me?" But Adam was delighted. "They're remembering you all right," he grinned. "Look at 'em."

They were remembering. Mr. Frisbee was remembering. He was looking as if he could not reconcile Efficiency at an office desk with Golden Glamor on a ballroom floor. Myra Morden was remembering. She waved gaily across the room before she shook her own two hands high in the air. Ray, slim, blond and elegant, was remembering. So completely that a great many things were happening very quickly to his face. Eve thought, "How could I ever— That tailor's dummy."

Adam was saying, his lips brushing her hair, "Hey, Small, Gold and Glamorous! Come awake. It's a step."

His arms about her were close and strong. They moved with a beautiful oneness. And because it was young, with the beat of the music sounding sweetly in her ears and the blood running sweetly in her veins, she told herself that, whatever of pain the morrow might bring, this at least was sweet. She raised her face to Adam's.

Already, she saw, he had forgotten her. He was staring across her head at Yvonne, perfect and beautiful in a scarlet sheath of a dress that brought her dark loveliness glowingly alive. For a moment his face was without expression. Then it was dark with regret and a very deep compunction.

Eve said sharply, "Adam!" and he looked down at her, startled. She waited till she could control her voice, then she said humblingly, "I— I've been meaning to tell you. I've decided not to finish out the three weeks. I'm—going—tomorrow."

Adam held her away from him, searching her face. "What's all this?"

"Cut!" said Ray, his hand on Adam's shoulder.

RAY was being difficult. He was tight with a bright-eyed, wicked-tongued tightness. The veneer was wearing pretty thin. He wouldn't leave Eve alone. He allowed no one more than a few seconds with her. He cut back and back again.

The last time he did so he danced her down the lounge and out through the big doors onto the patio. He sat down on a low seat and pulled her down beside him and, leaning close, imprisoned both her hands in his. His eyes danced over her. He said, "If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes I wouldn't have believed it."

"Believed what?"

"You. You've changed. You're not the same person. It's not only your looks; you've learned a lot."

She said icily, "I've learned to recognize a heel when I see one."

That disturbed him not at all. He laughed. "Meaning me? Coming from you that's good!"

"What do you mean?"

He leaned closer. "Don't try to tell me that this business with Beard is on the level. You may fool the others, but you can't fool me." He gave a self-satisfied laugh. "I'm the one you were all broken up about when I found it necessary to put business first."

She was furious, sick. She struggled futilely to free her hands.

He laughed again, his eyes bold. The veneer had vanished altogether now. "As one heel to another, let me give you a tip. You may be wasting your energy. There's a rumor that the Beard millions aren't as secure as they were." He broke off and pulled her close. "But anyway, you and I can have ourselves a time," he said thickly. "By heaven, but you're sweet!" and pressed his mouth on hers.

The next moment he was lifted bodily and set down a few paces distant. "Poaching, Mathers?" said Adam silkily. He took a step toward Ray. "Get out of here before I start to take you apart."

HE TURNED to Eve and, taking her hands in his, pulled her up from the seat. He took up the conversation where they had left it a while back. He said softly, "Don't go, sweet."

She looked around wonderingly, and at that he laughed and said, "Not this time. It's not an act this time." He drew her close and kissed her, her hair, her cheeks, her eyes, then—long and hard—her mouth.

She pulled herself free. She whispered, "Yvonne?"

He said, "Believe this. There's only you."

She stared, searching his face with her eyes. She took his arm in both her hands and shook it. "Oh, Adam! Are you sure? You've got to be sure!"

He said, "Look at me! Don't I look as if I were sure?" His lips were smiling but his eyes were deep. He drew her back into his arms and said against her lips, "Don't fuss, darling. It's such a waste of time!"

It was sweet and, out of all reason, beautiful. And in no way prepared her for what she was to see one short hour later. What she saw brought her brave new world crashing about her ears. What she saw through a half-opened door was Adam, only this time he was with Yvonne. Her arms were clasped about his neck and his face was bent to hers.

TALKING to great-grandfather, Eve found, was like thinking aloud and had the same illuminating quality. He sat with his eyes shut and his fine old head outlined cameo-clear against the high carved back of his chair. He was so old and so withdrawn that most of the time she forgot he was there. But occasionally he startled her by commenting, in his threadlike voice, on something she had been saying some considerable while before. He thought less than nothing of her idea for a life devoted to public service. A woman's duty, he held, was now what it had always been—that she should be forever beautiful. There was only one place, said great-grandfather, for a woman to pay her debt to society, and that was at the side of her man. He did not stop there. He [illegible] that theme [illegible] and if his voice was thin his language certainly was not.

"And, my dear," he said, "I find myself in entire disagreement with you regarding the worthlessness of this young man, this Adam you mention. In my opinion he showed a very pretty chivalry in protecting you from the consequences of your act of folly."

"Protecting me?" Eve said bitterly. "He was using me. To make her jealous."

Silence fell, during which great-grandfather appeared to sleep and Eve sat looking into the fire that old Abbie had built against the chill of the fall night.

"You've been here three months," great-grandfather said so unexpectedly that Eve jumped. "The lad's had time. Has he married the wench?"

Eve said slowly, "No. No, he hasn't. But he was kissing her—" she burst out.

Great-grandfather's expression was reminiscent and faintly but definitely smug. "Or she was kissing him."

"Or she was kissing him."

Great-grandfather's meagre shoulders stirred under their Paisley shawl. He chuckled unmistakably. "My dear, there are certain circumstances in which no man worthy of the name of gentleman will refuse a lady who has shown him her regard."

"Well, anyway," Eve said coldly, "it's nothing, nothing at all, to me."

After another long silence great-grandfather opened an amazingly bright and sceptical eye. "Heh, heh!" he cackled. "Heh, heh!"

The door opened and old Abbie tottered in with the evening paper.

"Might I trouble you, my dear," great-grandfather said courteously to Eve, "to read me the more outstanding items of interest?"

Eve was staring at the paper. Her face was white, sick. Her eyes were on the

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[illegible] headlines: "Brand Fortune and [illegible]"

Shortly after news of the collapse of the Brand fortune was made public this morning, Adam Brand was seriously injured when his motor car skidded on the roadway made slippery by rain and crashed into an electric light standard. Enquiries at the Brenmar Hospital where Mr. Brand was taken after the accident failed to elicit definite information as to the nature of his injuries which are, however [illegible]

Great-grandfather said, concerned: "Is [illegible] the matter, my dear?"

Eve said chokingly: "It's Adam. There's been an accident. He's hurt."

Great-grandfather leaned forward and banged on the bell at his side with surprising vigor. "Pack Miss Eve's bag," he snapped when old Abbie's aggrieved and astonished face appeared once more in the doorway. "She's leaving us."

"SO IT'S you," said Adam disagreeably. "Social Service right on the job. Come to view the remains?"

Eve closed the door softly behind her and stood gazing at him, curiously flat and helpless-looking in the high white hospital bed. There was a cagelike contrivance humping the covers over his legs and his left arm was bandaged to the shoulder. There were no marks on his face but there were lines of pain about his mouth and the eyes he turned on her were sunken.

She crossed the room swiftly and dropped on her knees beside the bed.

He said gruffly: "Why did you stand me up?"

The tears were crowding her throat, but after a moment she managed: "I saw you with Yvonne, and I thought—"

He said: "You had no business to think. You should have known."

She broke in, laughing shakily: "I should have known that there are certain circumstances in which no man worthy of the name of gentleman will refuse a lady who has shown him her regard." And laughed again at the amazed expression on his face.

He looked at her keenly. "You know the famous Brand fortune is no more?"

She nodded. "But Mr. Frisbee will give me back my job. We'll manage—somehow—till you can get about and get [illegible] for yourself."

His sunken eyes were staring at the ceiling. They were suddenly very bright. He said: "If you were to kiss me my temperature would certainly go up. But I should probably recover."

"So now," said Adam, "we'll settle this thing." He drew great-grandmother's diamond from her right hand and slipped it on the third finger of her left. "That will do for now," he said. "Until I can go shopping for something better."

"When you go shopping," Eve said briskly, "it'll be for beans and bread and bacon, not diamonds."

"So?" His hand closed firmly over hers. "Listen carefully to your Uncle Adam, my child, and he will tell you a fairy story. Remember the idea I had on the night of the charity ball? About starting Charm Services Ltd.? Well, I played with that idea and then I worked with it. It's an idea no longer—it's a fact. I am Monsieur Adam, Capitalizer of Charm. I give advice for a price—and it's some price. I'm a going concern—and how I'm going. The little gals, God bless 'em, are paying in!"

"For heaven's sake!"

"I've got experts specializing in every branch of charm. Beauty experts, [illegible] experts, dress experts—your pal Lalonde [illegible] that department in hand. And I've got [illegible] personality experts [illegible] little old [illegible] and dress it up and [illegible] going very big. Wasn't it [illegible]?"

"Did I? We'll call [illegible] Adam and [illegible] Incorporated. It's [illegible]"

"[illegible] and Adam," he corrected. "Ladies [illegible]."

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

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Crime in Nobody's Room

(Continued from page [illegible])

he were describing [illegible]. "I'm glad to see you, sir. You always tell us that if something serious happens we're to come straight to you instead of the manager. Well, I'm afraid this is serious. I—the fact is, I found something in the lift."

Denham felt that they were being haunted by that phrase, "the fact is." Everybody seemed to use it. He recalled a play in which it was maintained that anyone who began a sentence like this was usually telling a lie. But he had no time to think about this, for they had found the elusive dead man.

THE UNKNOWN lay on his face in one corner of the lift. A light in the roof of the steel cage shone down on his grey felt hat, on an edge of his thick spectacles and on his oilskin waterproof. But the coat was no longer green, for he was now wearing it right side out in the ordinary way.

Anita, who had come quietly round beside Denham, seized his arm. The night porter restrained Tom Evans as the latter bent forward.

"I shouldn't touch him, sir, if I was you. There's blood."

"Where?"

Pearson indicated a stain on the grey rubber floor. "And if I'm any judge, sir, he died of a stab through the heart. I—I lifted him up a bit. But I don't see any kind of knife that could've done it."

"Is this the man?" Armingdale asked quietly.

Denham nodded. Something tangible, something to weigh and handle, seemed to have brought the force back to Armingdale's personality.

"Except," Denham added, "that he's now wearing his raincoat right side out. Why? Will somebody tell me that? Why?"

"Never mind the raincoat," Anita said close to his ear. "Ron, you don't know him, do you? You'll swear you don't know him?"

He was startled. She had spoken without apparent urgency and so low that the others might not have heard her. But Denham, who knew her so well, knew that there was urgency behind the unwinking seriousness of her eyes. Unconsciously she was shaking his arm. His wits had begun to clear despite the pain in his skull, and he wondered.

"No, of course I don't know him. Why should I?"

"Well, I know him," said Hubert Conyers.

Conyers had been squatting down at the edge of the lift and craning his neck to get a close view of the body without touching it. Now he straightened up. He seemed so excited that he could barely control himself, and his mild eye looked wicked.

"I interviewed him a couple of days ago," said Conyers. "Surely you know him, Sir Rufus?"

"'Surely' is a large word, young man. No, I do not know him. Why?"

"That's Dan Randolph, the American real-estate king," said Conyers, keeping a watchful eye on Armingdale. "All of you will have heard of him; he's the fellow who always deals in spot cash, even if it's a million. I'd know those spectacles anywhere. He's as nearsighted as an owl. Er—am I correctly informed, Sir Rufus, that he was in England to do some business with you?"

Armingdale smiled bleakly. "You have no information, young man," he said. "And so far as I'm concerned you're not getting any. So that's Dan Randolph! I knew he was in England, but he's certainly not made any business proposition to me."

"Maybe he was coming to do it."

"Maybe he was," said Armingdale with the same air of a parent to a child. He turned to Pearson. "You say you found him in that lift. Where did you find him? And how did you come to find him?"

Pearson was voluble. "The lift was on the ground floor, sir. I just happened to glance through the little glass panel, and I see him lying there. So I thought I'd better run the lift up here and get you. As for putting him there—" He pointed to the recall button on the wall outside the lift. "Somebody on any floor sir could have shoved him in here, and pressed this button and sent him downstairs. He certainly wasn't put in on the ground floor. Besides, I saw him come into the building tonight."

"Oh?" put in Conyers softly. "When was this?"

"Might have been eleven o'clock, sir."

"Who was he coming to see?"

"You live here, sir," said Pearson with a certain contempt. "These ain't service flats where you telephone up about every visitor. You ought to know we're not to ask visitors anything unless they seem to need help, or unless it's somebody who has no business here. I don't know. He went up in the main lift; that's all I can tell you."

"Well, what floor did he go to?"

"I dunno." Pearson ran a finger under a tight collar. "But excuse me, sir, may I ask a question, if you please? What's wrong exactly?"

"We've lost a room," said Ronald Denham with inspiration. "Maybe you can help. Look here, Pearson, you've been here in these flats a long time. You've been inside most of them—in the sitting room, for instance?"

"I think I can say I've been in all of 'em, sir."

"Good. Then we're looking for a room decorated like this," said Denham. For the third time he described what he had seen, and Pearson's expression grew to one of acute anguish. At the end of it he shook his head.

"It's nobody's room, sir," the porter answered simply. "There's not a sitting room like that in the whole building."

AT THREE o'clock in the morning, a sombre group of people sat in Sir Rufus Armingdale's flat and did not even look at each other. The police work was nearly done. A brisk divisional detective-inspector, accompanied by a sergeant, a photographer and a large amiable man in a top hat, had taken a statement from each of those concerned. But the statements revealed nothing.

Denham, in fact, had received only one more mental jolt. Entering Armingdale's flat, he thought for a second that he had found the missing room. The usual chairs of stamped Spanish leather, the refectory table, the carved gewgaws of the Medici Arms greeted him like a familiar nightmare. And over the sideboard hung a familiar picture—that of a small girl looking sideways over an armful of roses.

"That's not it," said Anita quickly. "It's the same subject, but it's not the same picture. [illegible] oils. What sort of game do you suppose is going on in this place?"

Anita glanced over her shoulder. She had dressed before the arrival of the police, and also, he thought, she had put on more make-up than was necessary.

"Quick, Ron, before the others get here. Were you telling the truth?"

"Certainly. You don't think—?"

"Oh, I don't know and I don't care. I just want you to tell me. Ron, you didn't kill him yourself?"

He had not even time to answer before she stopped him. Sir Rufus Armingdale, Conyers, and Evans came through from the foyer, and with them was the large amiable man who had accompanied

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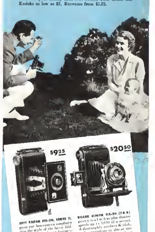

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Divisional Inspector Dewhar. His name, it appeared, was Colonel March.

"You see," he explained with a broad gesture, "I'm not here officially. I happened to be at the theatre, and I dropped in on Inspector Davidson for a talk, and he asked me to come along. So if you don't like any of my questions, just tell me to shut my head. But I do happen to be attached at the Yard."

"I know you, colonel," said Conyers with a crooked grin. "You're the head of the Ragbag Department, D-3. Some call it the Crazy House."

Colonel March nodded seriously. He wore a dark overcoat, and had a top hat pushed back on his large head. This, with his florid complexion, sandy mustache and bland blue eye, gave him something of the look of a stout colonel in a humor paper. He was smoking a large-bowled pipe, with the effect of seeming to sniff smoke from the bowl rather than draw it through the stem. He appeared to be enjoying himself.

"It's a compliment," he assured them. "After all, somebody has got to sift all the queer complaints. If somebody comes in and reports, say, that the Borough of Stepney is being terrorized by a blue pig, I've got to decide whether it's a piece of lunacy or a mistake, or a hoax or a serious crime. Otherwise good men would only waste their time. You'd be surprised how many such complaints there are. But I was thinking, and so was Inspector Davidson, that you have a similar situation here. If you wouldn't mind a few extra questions—"

"As many as you like," said Sir Rufus Armingdale. "Provided somebody's got a hope of solving this—"

"As a matter of fact," said Colonel March, frowning, "Inspector Davidson has reason to believe that it is already solved. A good man, Davidson."

THERE was a silence. Something unintentionally sinister seemed to have gathered even in Colonel March's affable tone. For a moment nobody dared to ask him what he meant.

"Already solved?" repeated Robert Conyers.

"Suppose we begin with you, Sir Rufus," said March with great courtesy. "You have told the inspector that you did not know Daniel Randolph personally. But it seems to be common knowledge that he was in England to see you."

Armingdale hesitated. "I don't know his reasons. He may have been here to see me, among other things. Probably was. He wrote to me about it from America. But he hasn't approached me yet, and I didn't approach him first. It's bad business."

"What was the nature of this business, Sir Rufus?"

"He wanted to buy an option I held on some property in—never mind where. I'll tell you in private, if you insist."

"Was a large sum involved?"

Armingdale seemed to struggle with himself. "Four thousand, more or less."

"So it wasn't a major business deal. Were you going to sell?"

"Probably."

Colonel March's abstracted eye wandered to the picture over the sideboard. "Now, Sir Rufus, that Greuze, 'Young Girl with Primroses.' I think it was recently reproduced, in its natural colors, as a full-page illustration in the *Metropolitan Illustrated News?*"

"Yes, it was," said Armingdale. He added: "In sepia."

Something about this afterthought made them all move forward to look at him. It was like the puzzle of a half truth nobody knew what it meant.

"Exactly. Just two more questions. I believe that each of these flats communicates with a fire escape leading down into the mews behind?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Will the same key open the front door of each of the flats?"

"No, certainly not. All the lock patterns are different."

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ASK YOUR DENTIST
POLIDENT

"Thank you. Now, Mr. Conyers, a question for you. Are you married?"

Hitherto Conyers had been regarding him with a look of watchful expectancy, like an urchin about to smash a window and run. Now he scowled.

"Married? No."

"And you don't keep a valet?"

"The answer to that, colonel, is loud and prolonged laughter. Honestly, I don't like your social manner. Beston, our crime news man, knows you. And it's always 'Blast you, Beston, if you print one hint about the Thingummy case I'll have your hide.' What difference does it make whether I'm married or not, or whether I have a valet or not?"

"A great deal," said March seriously. "Miss Bruce, what is your occupation, Miss Bruce?"

"I'm an interior decorator," answered Anita.

She began to laugh. It may have been with a tinge of hysteria, but she sat back in a tall chair and laughed until there were tears in her eyes.

"I'm terribly sorry," she went on, holding out her hand as though to stop them. "But don't you see? The murder was done by an interior decorator. That's the whole secret."

Colonel March cut short Armingdale's shocked protest.

"Go on," he said sharply.

"I thought of it first off. Of course there's no vanishing room. Sir Rufus's sitting room has just been redecorated. All the actual furnishings, tables and chairs and sideboards, are just the same in every room. The only way you can tell them apart is by small movable things—pictures, lamp shades, book ends—which could be changed in a few minutes.

"Ron accidentally walked into the murderer's flat just after the murderer had killed that old man. That put the murderer in a pretty awful position. Unless he killed Ron too, he was caught with the body, and Ron could identify his flat. But he thought of a better way. He sent that man's body down in the lift and dragged Ron out into the hall. Then he simply altered the decorations of his flat. Afterward he could sit down and dare anyone to identify it as the place where the body had been."

Anita's face was flushed with either defiance or fear. Colonel March took the pipe out of his mouth and contemplated it.

"Warm," he said. "Unquestionably warm. That is why I was wondering whether you couldn't tell us what really happened."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, there are objections to the redecoration. You've got to suppose that nobody had ever been in the flat before and seen the way it was originally decorated. You've also got to suppose that the murderer could find a new set of lamp shades, pictures and book ends in the middle of the night. Haven't you got it the wrong way round?"

"The wrong way round?"

"Somebody," said March, dropping his courtesy, "prepared a dummy room to begin with. He put in the new lamp shades, the book ends, the copy of a well-known picture, even a set of new curtains. He entertained Randolph in that dummy room. He killed Randolph there. Afterward, of course, he simply removed the knickknacks and set the place right again. But it was the dummy room into which Ronald Denham walked. That, Mr. Denham, was why you did not recognize—"

"Recognize what?" roared Denham. "Where was I?"

"In the sitting room of your own flat," said Colonel March gravely. "If you had been sober you might have made no mistake, but you were so full of champagne that your instinct brought you home after all."

There were two doors in the room, and the blue uniform of a policeman appeared in each. At March's signal Inspector Davidson stepped forward. He said:

"Thomas Evans, I arrest you for the murder of Daniel Randolph. I have to warn you that anything you say will be taken down in writing and may be used in evidence at your trial."

"OH, LOOK here," protested Colonel March when they met in Armingdale's flat next day, "the thing was simple enough. We had twice as much trouble over that kid in Bayswater who pinched all the oranges. And you had all the facts.

"Evans, as one of Sir Rufus's most highly placed and trusted employees, was in a position to know all about the projected business deal with Randolph. And so he planned an ingenious swindle. A swindle, I am certain, was all he intended.

"Now you, Sir Rufus, had intended to go to Manchester yesterday afternoon and remain there for a week. (Mr. Denham heard that from the night porter when he was advised against singing.) That would leave your flat empty. Evans telephoned to Randolph, posing as you. He asked Randolph to come round to your flat at eleven o'clock at night and settle the deal. He added that you might be called away to Manchester, but in that event, his secretary would have the necessary papers ready and signed.

"It would have been easy. Evans would get into your empty flat by way of the fire escape and the window. He would pose as your secretary. Randolph, who, remember, always paid spot cash even if it involved a million, would hand over a packet of bank notes for a forged document.

"Why should Randolph be suspicious of anything? He knew, as half the newspaper-reading world knows, that Sir Rufus lived on the second floor of the Medici Arms. He had seen photographs of Sir Rufus with his favorite Greuze over the sideboard. Even if he asked the hall porter for directions, he would be sent to the right flat. Even if the hall porter said Sir Rufus was in Manchester, the ground had been prepared, and Randolph would ask for Sir Rufus's secretary.

"Unfortunately, a sizable spanner was suddenly thrown into the plan. Sir Rufus decided not to go to Manchester. He decided it yesterday afternoon, after all Evans's plans had been made and Randolph was due to arrive. But Evans needed that money, as we have discovered today; he needed it desperately. He wanted four thousand pounds as he did not want salvation.

"So he hit on another plan. Sir Rufus would be at home, and Sir Rufus's flat could not be used. But, with all the rooms exactly alike except for decorations, why not an imitation of his flat? The same plan would hold good, except that Randolph would be taken to the wrong place. He would come up in the lift at eleven. Evans would be waiting with the door of the flat open, and would take him to a place superficially resembling Sir Rufus's. The numbers on the doors are very small, and Randolph, as we know, was so nearsighted as to be almost blind. If Evans adopted some disguise, however clumsy, he could never afterward be identified as the man who swindled Randolph. And he ran no risk in using the flat he shared with Denham."

ANITA interposed. "Of course," she said. "Ron was at a bachelor party, and ordinarily it would have kept him there whooping until two or three o'clock in the morning. But he reformed and came home early."

Denham groaned. "I still can't believe it," he insisted. "Tom Evans a murderer!"

"He intended no murder," said Colonel March. "But, you see, Randolph suspected something. Randolph showed that he suspected. And Evans, as a practical man, had to kill him. You can guess why Randolph suspected?"

"Well?" prompted Conyers.

"Because Evans is color blind," said Colonel March.

"It's too bad," the colonel went on.

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[illegible] FREE copy of the book, "How to Transform Your Home with Colour."

sadly [illegible] the crime [illegible] the last the work [illegible] blind [illegible] of the rest [illegible] that [illegible] Sir Rufus [illegible] possess [illegible] those about him.

But Evans? He is not only partially but wholly color blind. You gave us a [illegible] account [illegible] Randolph's body was sent up in the lift by Pearson. When Evans stepped forward Pearson warned [illegible] the body saying that [illegible] was blood. Evans said "Where?" though he was staring straight down at a small brightly lighted lift at a red blood [illegible] grey rubber floor. Red on grey [illegible] but except green or yellow is absolutely invisible to color blind men.

That was also the reason why Randolph's waterproof was put on inside out. Randolph had removed his hat and coat when he first came into the flat. After Evans had stabbed him with a long knife Evans put the hat and coat back on the body previous to disposing of it. But he could not distinguish between the yellowish outside and the green inside of that [illegible].

You, Mr. Denham, let yourself into the flat with your own key, which in itself told us the location of the vanished room, for the two keys are alike. I also think that Miss Bruce could have told us all along where the vanished room was. I am inclined to suspect she saw Randolph going into your flat and was afraid you might be concerned in the murder—"

"Oh well," said Anita philosophically.

"Anyhow, you spoke of a corpse about [illegible] coat being inside out, and Evans [illegible] the error before he put the body in the lift. He had to knock you out, of course. But he genuinely didn't want to hurt you. He left the building by way of the [illegible] escape into the mews. He disposed of his stage properties, though he was foolish enough to keep the money and the long knife on his person, where they were found when we searched him. When he came back here he used the main lift in the ordinary way as though he were returning from his office. And he [illegible] concerned when he found you [illegible] unconscious on the bench in the hall."

There was a silence broken by Anita's [illegible] snort.

"But color blindness! What's that got to do with the solution? How did you come to think the murderer must have been color blind to begin with?"

Colonel March turned to stare at her. Then he shook his head with a slow and dismal smile.

"Don't you see it even yet?" he asked. "That was the starting point. We suspected it for the same reason Randolph suspected an imposture. Poor old Randolph wasn't an art critic. Any sort of colored daub in the ordinary way he would have swallowed as the original Young Girl with [illegible] as he expected to see. But Evans didn't allow for the one thing even a nearsighted man does know—color. In his effort to imitate the decoration of Sir Rufus' flat, the [illegible] hung up as an oil painting nothing more than a sepia reproduction out of the [illegible]."

Change of Address

Subscribers who are changing their addresses should advise us at least five weeks in advance so that no issues may be missed. Mailing lists have to be prepared considerably in advance of actual mailing date. If notice of change of address has not reached us before mailing list has been prepared, change cannot be made until next issue.

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Grass vs. Drought

[illegible]

Dominion Government [illegible] quantities of registered seed [illegible] distributed annually to [illegible] equipped to increase the seed under favorable conditions.

Large supplies produced in this manner have been purchased by the Dominion Government for use experimentally and for large scale regrassing projects under the Prairie Farmers Rehabilitation Program.

Dr. T. M. Stevenson of the Dominion Forage Crops Laboratory in Saskatoon has been active in carrying out these Government projects. The promotion of seed production and experimentation is assigned to his department at Saskatoon.

Distribution Proceeding

WITH reasonably good conditions for seed production during the next two or three years, prospects are favorable for a much wider distribution of the grass in the drought area. Within the next two years it is expected that the present small supply of seed will be increased greatly and that the price will drop accordingly. In 1937 the estimated seed production in Western Canada was 650,000 pounds. More than half of this was produced in Saskatchewan.

Purchases of the Dominion Government and a strong demand for seed in the United States have kept the price sky high. Producers of Elite Stock Fairway receive from 40 to 50 cents per pound for their supply. Registered No. 1 seed sells from 30 to 37 cents, certified from 25 to 32 cents, and commercial Fairway from 20 to 25 cents per pound.

Last year 180,000 pounds of Crested Wheat Grass seed was distributed by the Dominion Government under the Prairie Farmers Rehabilitation Administration [illegible]

[illegible] pounds [illegible]

The University of Saskatchewan field husbandry department started distribution in a small way several years ago. It is now estimated that 3,500 samples ranging from two to ten pounds each have been shipped to farmers through this medium.

Supplies of seed have also been made available to farmers through the co-operative arrangement between the Dominion and Provincial Governments from 1931 to 1934. In that period 8,747 pounds were sent out to selected seed growers through this channel.

Although it is difficult to estimate the number of farmers and seed growers who have already been introduced to Crested Wheat Grass, it may readily be seen from the activities of the Governments and the University of Saskatchewan over a period of years that the figure is substantial.

Provided good conditions for seed production are experienced, and the price reduced as a result of an increased supply of seed, Crested Wheat Grass will be a major factor affecting the economy of the drought area within two years.

There seems to be no doubt that in years to come the Western Canada farmer will be able to face the wind on a hot summer day without getting his eyes filled with dust. His gaze may turn to acres upon acres of Crested Wheat Grass, acres which do not drift, and his thoughts may dwell [illegible] tributes to this hardy Russian immigrant and its discoverer who helped solve some of the major problems besetting Western agriculture.

London Letter

[illegible]

From Eton he travelled the well worn path to Oxford. It is almost the only path that leads to the rich orchards of public life. Occasionally a Chamberlain or a Lloyd George reaches higher than the rest, but the plums that are both tasty and within reach fall naturally to the Eton-Oxford brigade.

At Christ Church, Oxford, young Edward Wood did very well indeed. His sense of background was enriched by the spires, and his love of learning was not frustrated as vigorously as it had been at Eton.

As a result he took a first history and was elected a Fellow of All Souls.

Still we can discover few signs of a man of destiny. There are no sparks from the anvil as in the case of the glittering F. E. Smith or the magnificent John Simon. Edward Wood looked as if he would not be more than just another man of character and culture who would find his way into the backwaters of our national life and leave the heat of the noonday sun to the mad dogs of politics.

Appearances were deceptive, however. Young Mr. Wood intended to make for the main stream of events. First, however, he married. His bride was Lady Dorothy Onslow, the younger daughter of the Earl of Onslow. Then he moved on Westminster, and in the fateful election of 1910, when political destinies were in the melting pot, he won the decision at the Ripon Division of Yorkshire.

He made no particular impression on the House, however. That was the period when Arthur Balfour's regime was [illegible] ing [illegible] end, when Walter Long and Austen Chamberlain struggled for the leadership of the Tory Party and accepted Bonar Law as a compromise; when Lloyd George was applying the whip to tradition and privilege; when Winston Churchill shared the limelight with the Irish party, and when Asquith held aloft the banner of triumphant Liberalism. No wonder that a rather shy Back Bencher looked on and felt that where so many stars were gathered together there was no chance for a beginner.

Edward Wood found solace in the company of another Back Bencher of the Party who had entered Parliament two years earlier. He was an odd sort of fellow, half country squire and half poet. His name was Stanley Baldwin.

"I hate politics," said Baldwin.

"They are a bit trying," murmured Mr. Wood as they sat in the smoking room and looked at the Thames.

Mr. Wood had another friend. He was a fellow Etonian, a dark, energetic, vital young man who was born to command. His name was George Lloyd and he had entered Parliament for West Staffordshire in the same vintage year of 1910. For reasons that I have already given Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Wood had plenty of time to talk, and their discussion was on the future of the Conservative Party. It is one of the inevitabilities that it is during periods of opposition that parties always concern themselves with their future. It might not be a bad idea if some consideration were given to it when they are in office.

Mr. Lloyd was not the kind of politi[illegible]

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This Everdur tank made by Toronto Hardware Mfg. Co. [illegible] be supplied [illegible] stock in 14 to [illegible] Imperial Gallon [illegible] Finished [illegible] tinned.

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BATTERY COMPANY
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Willards Cost Less To Own

Because they . Last longer . Crank faster . Don't let you down!

[illegible] went wit[illegible] that some [illegible] Winnipeg Mr Wood and Mr [illegible] spent [illegible] to [illegible] I [illegible] the last [illegible] the Viceroy of India and [illegible] personal in the shadows

Back From the War

BUT AT this stage we must bring in that factor which is inseparable from the biography of any statesman of the day. I refer to the war that broke upon the world severing companionships, breaking and making careers, blinding the eyes of some and opening a new world to the eyes of others. It came like the wind and at the end the reputations of pre War years were gone with the wind

Mr Wood despite his infirmity was an intrepid rider. He rode gallantly in the hunting field and in the War he mounted a horse and went to France with the Yorkshire Dragoons. He was mentioned twice in dispatches, and ended up as colonel of his regiment

A good soldier, a considerate officer and a brave man. But there were thousands to whom that description would apply. He had made no mark in his four years of Parliament. He had done well but not brilliantly in the War

Unlike the characters in Wagner's Ring who are always preceded by a special musical motif, it is difficult to find any warning shadows in the earlier stages of Lord Halifax's career. At the same time men of position and character are not so numerous that they can be left on the side forever

Mr Wood returned to Westminster. There he found the Coalition Government in a sort of consumptive brilliance. All governments are born to die, but Mr Lloyd George and his glittering Ministry were approaching their end in a state of fevered pulses that gave them the deceptive assurance that they would live forever

Stanley Baldwin was President of the Board of Trade, disillusioned, his soul seared by the horror and obscenity of the War and his heart sick with the manoeuvres of politics. He and Edward Wood resumed their friendship and mourned the death of idealism. Again and again Mr Baldwin wanted to give it all up but his wife urged him to "stick it for one more year"

In 1921, however, Mr Wood was given minor office. He was made Parliamentary Under Secretary for the Colonies, a post which entails much hard work but gives a Minister little chance to impress the House of Commons. I imagine that Mr Baldwin urged the appointment, although this is mere surmise, or at least not more than deduction on my part

Then came the fateful Carlton Club meeting when the Tory Party threw off the yoke of the Coalition and before nightfall saw their leader Mr Bonar Law established as Prime Minister in the place of Mr Lloyd George. Mr Baldwin went to that meeting determined to speak against Lloyd George and leave politics forever. He never dreamed that his valedictory speech would prove a prelude to his own premiership

Edward Wood was completely with him in spirit. If Mr Lloyd George had won the day—and it was a very near thing—there is hardly any question but that the two friends would have left the political scene together

Instead they enjoyed the fruits of an unexpected victory. Stanley Baldwin was made Chancellor of the Exchequer by Mr Bonar Law and Edward Wood was given the congenial post of President of the Board of Education. Never was a man more suited to a task by temperament and training

Bonar Law, wearied by his War effort and heartbroken by the death of his two elder sons, gave way under the strain and died. Mr Baldwin became Premier while the future Lord Halifax found himself in a position of influence far beyond that of his official appointment. As a Prime Minister Mr Baldwin preferred the counsel of those who felt and thought like himself. While not a deeply religious man in the literal sense he was much impressed by Mr Wood's open devotion to the Church, to his teaching and practising of Christianity and his belief in the efficacy of prayer

PENSIONED OFF A FIT MAN

Rigours of Police Life Did Not Harm Him

At 50 years of age he was presumed to be beyond the arduous demands of police duties. But was he? Read what he says now five years after he was pensioned

"I am a man of 55 years. It is now five years since I was pensioned off from the Police. I went through thick and thin day and night in all weathers while I was on the Force and am to-day as fit as any man still serving in the Force. People often ask me 'How do you keep so young?' and my answer is 'Kruschen Salts.' I have used Kruschen now for the last 13 years and I will certainly use these Salts for the rest of my days."—W. J.

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RENDELLS

We now see Edward Wood as a force behind the scenes, not in the manipulating of Ministers but in influencing the course of policy at its source. The public were unaware of him. The newspapers made nothing of him. His fellow Ministers looked upon him as a pilgrim who was merely tarrying in the Commons for a spell

Earl Baldwin however possessed a puckish as well as an idealistic mind. Those whom the gods love die young. Those whom Mr Baldwin loved he made Minister for Agriculture, always the most thankless task in the Administration. He did it with W. Shakespeare Morrison, his white headed boy, in his last Cabinet reshuffle. He did it with Edward Wood when the Conservative Party came back to power in 1924 after the Zinoviev letter had thrown out the Socialists. Perhaps it was the Baldwin conscience determined to demonstrate that one could not enjoy his affection without its afflictions.

Mr Wood nearly made a success of Agriculture. If that is an overstatement, let it be modified to the simple record that farmers grumbled less during his short regime than they usually do

But his fate was not to be decided in the plowed fields of the countryside. India was casting its shadow over the British Raj. Mahatma Gandhi with his fleshless body and his adroit mind was rousing the slumbering political consciousness of India's teeming millions

Shadows of another rebellion flitted across the sun scorched face of India. Local politicians as shrewd as any of their European brothers, saw the opening of the golden gates of opportunity. The monsoon's bullet shattered the air, the surging mobs gathered like herds of their own sacred cows and opposed nationality with the climate and passive stability

"Edward," said the Prime Minister, "I want you to go to India"

Fine Record in India

TO BE a Viceroy of India! How many ambitious men have dreamed of that as the climax of life's glories? To be more regal than Royalty, to move like a god among the prostrate masses, to be military and civil head of a subcontinent, to receive the tribute of princes whose palaces had risen from the pages of Oriental romance.

Not only that. To follow in the footsteps of Canning, Elgin, Lytton, Lansdowne, Minto and Curzon! And all this while yet a commoner

"I hate display and ceremony," Wood told his friends, "but I think that I may be able to do some useful service there for humanity"

That was more or less the last utterance of the Hon. Edward Wood. Just as in the case of John Buchan who was made Lord Tweedsmuir before he reached Ottawa as Governor General, so the retiring Minister for Agriculture was created first Baron Irwin

It takes the public a long time to get to know a name and a long time to forget it. The man on the street learned that Lord Irwin was new Viceroy of India and simply said that he had never heard of him. This name changing is certainly one of the perplexities of our public life. Who would have suspected that when our ambassador, the Earl of Perth, began the conversations with Signor Mussolini, he was actually our old friend Sir Eric Drummond of the League of Nations?

Lord Irwin's administration of India created a deep pit of controversy. The Diehards died harder than ever. Mr Churchill saw in Lord Irwin's reforms the beginning of disaster, the Conservative Party racked with dissension, the dowagers sang Irwin's praise in a very high key, and the retired colonels in the Pall Mall clubs developed an alarming degree of purple

When the situation in India was most acute Lord Irwin had a long conference with Gandhi. It seemed impossible to reach any compromise and at last Gandhi rose. "I must consult the Congress leaders," he said. The interview had failed. Any practised negotiator knew that the game was up. In some way, by some stroke of genius, Gandhi must be prevented from going back to the firebrands

"I am glad that you are going back to consult your leaders," said Lord Irwin. "I shall pray for God's blessing on your deliberations."

Gandhi the mystic, Gandhi the idealist, Gandhi the politician went out and pondered over this strange happening. Hitherto he had always thought of British officials as men who offered justice at the point of the bayonet. This tall Englishman with the sad and gently humorous face was something different, something he could understand

At any rate Gandhi came back and agreed to go to London and attend the Round Table Conference in London. That was the end of Gandhi's power as a political leader, Hitler or Lenin—however you may choose to regard it

Conference With Hitler

I DO NOT propose to take sides on the Irwin reforms as that is not the purpose of this article. They are still a matter of acute dissension and their justification must depend on developments.

At the age of forty-nine Lord Irwin's return to England was both cheered and booed at Victoria Station. A number of the Punjab community in London garlanded him with flowers while Mr Wedgwood Benn, Mr Arthur Henderson, Lord Sankey and Mr George Lansbury welcomed him on behalf of the Government of the day. The Leader of the Opposition was there too, Mr Stanley Baldwin

The King made him a Knight of the Garter and a statue was erected in his honor at Delhi. The man who cared nothing for ceremony was enduring a considerable amount of it

"Although I have come home," said the returning Viceroy, "I have left part of my heart in India. It beats there for a great country which I hope to see win through to a partnership in our Imperial future, an India shaping its own internal destinies under the guidance of Great Britain and with her co-operation and confidence."

The High Churchman who had won honors at Oxford and had played a man's part in the War had become a figure of importance in the public life of his country

As soon as he could he left London and journeyed to Doncaster to visit his ninety two-year-old father. The affection between father and son was deep and sincere. In India Lord Irwin wrote constantly to him and their reunion was a great joy to them both. First however the man who hated ceremony had to submit to another reception at Doncaster and then a "Young England" scene at Hickleton Hall, the family residence, where Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, villagers and tenants welcomed the wanderer home

Less than three years later, on the day that Lord Irwin was to have received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws at Liverpool University, Viscount Halifax died and the degree was conferred in the absence of the recipient

The grand old peer had led an honorable and upright life and he died in the faith that he was going to the God whom he had served on earth

Lord Irwin was not the eldest son. Actually he was the fourth son but the eldest surviving one. Thus did Lord Irwin disappear from the scene like the Hon. Edward Wood. Instead there was a

"I NEVER SEEMED TO HAVE A BOY FRIEND"...
WRITES Miss Rose Madia
Read this TRUE STORY of a young Girl's tragic problem
ROSE MADIA WHO TELLS HER OWN TRUE-LIFE EXPERIENCES HELPING HER MOTHER AT HOME
ALTHOUGH GIRLS CALLED ME A "GOOD SCOUT" BOYS ALWAYS SEEMED TO SHUN ME
HOW I ENVIED THE GOOD TIMES OTHER GIRLS ENJOYED!
HI ROSE!
HURT, PUZZLED, DESPERATE ... I FINALLY ASKED MY BEST GIRL FRIEND FOR THE PLAIN TRUTH
JANE, FORGET MY FEELINGS AND TELL ME FRANKLY WHY DON'T THE BOYS EVER NOTICE ME?
OF COURSE BOYS NOTICE AN ATTRACTIVE GIRL LIKE YOU ROSE BUT THEY ALSO NOTICE YOUR DULL DINGY LOOKING TEETH! THERE'S YOUR DRAWBACK
A FEW DAYS LATER I READ A CERTAIN ADVERTISEMENT. FRANKLY I WAS VERY SKEPTICAL
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COUPON
HOWEVER, FIGURING I HAD NOTHING TO LOSE, I DECIDED TO MAIL THE COUPON
I LIKED THAT SAMPLE OF PEPSODENT SO WELL THAT I BOUGHT AND USED PEPSODENT REGULARLY FOR MONTHS. THEN ONE DAY A BOY SAID
SAY, ROSE ... YOU OUGHT TO SMILE MORE! WHEN A GIRL'S GOT TEETH LIKE PEARLS, SHE OUGHT TO BE FORCED TO SHOW 'EM
WELL, I DON'T LIKE TO SOUND CONCEITED ... BUT NOWADAYS I CERTAINLY SEEM TO HAVE PLENTY OF BOY FRIENDS THANKS TO PEPSODENT
Rose Madia
YOU MUST HAVE SMILED AT THIS GOLF BALL, ROSE THE WAY IT FELL FOR YOU
THAT'S THE WEAPON SHE USES ON ME!
ROSE, SAVE A FEW OF THOSE BEWITCHING SMILES FOR ME FOR TONIGHT'S DANCE

FREE 7 DAY SUPPLY OF PEPSODENT!

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[illegible]

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Heinz STRAINED FOODS

[illegible] the public did not [illegible] of.

[illegible] Chancellor of Oxford [illegible] year that he [illegible]. It was not until 193[illegible] [illegible] appeared on the political scene [illegible] he became leader of the House of Lords.

That is not a post that attracts the limelight. It is true that when Mr. Chamberlain was chosen by his Party to succeed Earl Baldwin it was Lord Halifax who presided, but he was unknown to most members of the Party.

Then a few months ago he blazed into the headlines. An evening newspaper in London came out with spectacular headlines and declared that Lord Halifax was going to Germany to talk to Herr Hitler.

There were clumsy official attempts to [illegible] the story. It was explained that Lord Halifax, who himself is a master of hounds, was going to Berlin to attend a hunting exhibition. If in the course of his visit he should happen to meet those well-known [illegible] figures, Herr Hitler and General [illegible], that would be one of those [illegible] beyond human control.

Mr. Eden [illegible] was aware, returned to [illegible] his towering rage and preferred his [illegible]. He saw the writing on the wall, but Mr. Chamberlain poured oil on [illegible] ruffled emotions and Eden agreed to [illegible].

[illegible] his famous Saturday [illegible] troops.

Nobody quite knows what happened. [illegible] neither Halifax nor Hitler [illegible]. It was probably a study in atmosphere by two mystics.

Nevertheless Lord Halifax must have convinced Mr. Chamberlain that an understanding was possible. Otherwise he would hardly have championed his plan, in first of all the policy that drove Mr. Eden from the Cabinet and precipitated a political crisis of the first magnitude.

Now Lord Halifax sits in the House of Lords, the man who must try to steer a straight course in waters that are full of tempest and full of dangerous shoals.

He will not panic. Nor will he lack strength if the pursuit of peace fails. The public will never know him and his critics will not understand him.

But he will not shrink nor ask for sympathy. With his one good arm he will point humanity to higher things; he will pray for guidance as he did in India, and if he ever finds an afternoon free in the hunting season he will ride to hounds and take the stiffest jumps like a boy who feels the wine of youth inflaming his veins.

Chief of the Mounted

Continued from page 22

While at Herschel Inspector and Mrs. Wood saw and shared in plenty of Arctic drama and adventure. In September 1922 she developed a serious illness. With her husband and their three-year-old son she took passage on the old whaler *Herman* bound for civilization. Soon they were jammed in an ice pack off the topmost tip of continental North America. The patient's condition took a turn for the worse, became acute. It was a case of life and death, so she was bundled into a small boat and taken ashore to the village of Point Barrow, Alaska, where an operation was performed by a medical missionary. Four days afterward the ice had loosened up enough to let the *Herman* through, and Mrs. Wood was convalescing nicely. In high spirits she went aboard again with her family and safely reached Vancouver, while her husband made his way back to Herschel Island by dog team via Fort Yukon and Rampart House, crossing the Richardson Mountains at a temperature of sixty degrees below zero. Mrs. Wood and the boy rejoined him the following summer.

The inspector made long patrols and opened up new detachments in the east at Fort Rae on Coronation Gulf, the home of the primitive Copper Eskimos and in those pre-Arctic flying days an almost unknown area.

In 1931 he was made a Superintendent, taking command of the Force in British Columbia. He became Assistant Commissioner in 1933 and was transferred to Saskatchewan.

Two years afterward he took a four months course at Scotland Yard, also studied the methods of police forces in [illegible], Belgium and the United States. In Washington a lasting friendship was [illegible] between him and J. Edgar Hoover, Chief of the U.S. Federal Bureau of Investigation. The two men were soon to be taking advantage of opportunities to co-operate officially, for the Assistant Commissioner was subsequently appointed [illegible] of Criminal Investigation for the [illegible] Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

He then stepped from behind the scenes [illegible] brilliantly lighted stage to direct a performance that won universal applause. He was in charge of the R.C.M.P. [illegible] at the Coronation of George VI.

His appointment as Commissioner followed the death of Sir James MacBrien.

The attitude of the Force at large toward his promotion is summed up neatly in the privately spoken words of one of his officers: "We are exceedingly fortunate in having Stuart Wood to replace such a man as Sir James MacBrien. He may be less spectacular. But he will make up for that in his untiring zeal and in his having at heart the best interests of the Force, which is his only hobby as well as his work."

Innovations

NO ONE understands better than Stuart Wood the personnel and management, the aims and scope of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Under his guidance it will be more than ever a highly organized police force applying scientific methods of crime detection and law enforcement.

While his wealth of experience in the provinces will ensure no neglect of urban-wide police activities, it is only natural that he should also take a sympathetic view of those of the Northwest Territories.

The actual administration of Northwest Territories laws and regulations is in the hands of fewer than 100 officers and men of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (total strength 2,500). They have done splendid work despite innumerable handicaps, and their responsibilities have been great. In late years, however, men of real promise and outstanding ability have not been given much encouragement to apply [illegible] Northern service. The emoluments and credit have both been disproportionately small.

Commissioner Wood, with his [illegible] graphical conditions in the Far North [illegible] his awareness of their regions [illegible] will at present remain [illegible] importance, will have numbers [illegible] carefully selected and trained for sub-polar duty. They will be eligible for promotion within their own special branch of the Force. Thus a constable might rise to sergeantship in Baffin Island [illegible] become constable again if he chose to [illegible] metropolitan service, but this would be unlikely, for adequate pay and [illegible] would prompt him to serve [illegible] the Far North.

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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

AT ALL DRUG STORES

Another innovation [illegible] Wood [illegible] will be the establishment in the North by air of temporary seasonal detachments and roving units to deal with emergency situations in out-of-the-way corners of the Northwest Territories.

For several years seaplanes have been effectively used by the R.C.M.P. to spot smugglers on both the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. Shortly the Force is also to have aircraft of its own in the Far North. Probably there will be others later, but for the present one plane will serve to place policemen at remote vantage points and patrol vast areas. One of its functions will be to [illegible] the activities of [illegible] who have been making raids [illegible] restricted areas as the Thelon [illegible] Sanctuary.

The new Commissioner and his [illegible] have four children. The [illegible] Zachary Taylor Wood, who learned to speak Eskimo at Herschel Island, is now nineteen and in his third year at R.M.C. The second son is thirteen and named Herschel in fond recollection of his parents' Arctic sojourn, though he was not born until after that. The third boy is just seven. The only girl is Frances, who is just eleven months old.

Devil Dog

Continued from page 9—Starts on page 7

tions of this importance? And yet the wise man Avery seemed to think that a husky dog was more important to him than the gold! There was no understanding among men. That was clear.

The next day they found various articles by the trail. Jarvis, hard-pressed, was lightening his main sled. He was making a sprint now for the mountains that loomed in the west, where the northern lights played in the sky.

They found queer things among his luggage. They found a "Robinson Crusoe" with grease-marked pages. "He knows how to read! Is he human, after all?" commented Avery.

Then they found some cooking utensils, even some beans and a sack of flour.

"He's going to live on his fat part of the way," said Avery.

Before the end of that march they got into the rise of land toward the mountains, and they found on the way the trail of a sled cutting deep in soft snow which still crumbled into the ruts. They could hardly be an hour behind their quarry. Then they came to a branch of an evergreen laid on the snow and on it buckskin sacks were piled.

"There's a thousand ounces here," said Avery. "The man's going to have nothing but his naked soul with him before he leaves the country."

Gresham, staring at the little sacks, picked one up with an exclamation. It was his own gold. He held it in his arms close to him.

"All right, then," said Avery, "you have your property. We can turn back then, I suppose? The rest of us are ready to quit. We haven't more than enough grub to see us to the camp again."

Gresham threw his gold sack aside.

"We'll get him tomorrow," he said. "When he tries to get up those slopes, that's where the strength of Chris will count double. Lighten the sled of everything we don't absolutely need for one day's march. We'll make a last stab at him. If we miss—then it's easy cutting all the way back, and we start home."

So they made that last day's effort with Gresham at the gee pole yelling orders and Chris straining like a mad dog in his harness. They got so close that three times they saw the sled and string ahead of them and big Jarvis herding his dogs on. But they reached exhaustion without overtaking their quarry.

When they sat around the primus stove Avery sat down beside Gresham with the curious eyes of a doctor making a diagnosis.

"You've had all you want, haven't you?" he asked. "We've made the last try for you. Is it all right if we turn back tomorrow?"

"You've done all I asked," answered Gresham.

But his heart gave a hollow echo to those words, and a fear that had been in him all the way now became a conscious thing. He had known from the start, somehow, that he would have to meet Jarvis and fight it out with him for Chris. This use of numbers did not count. They had to square off man to man.

He took off a mitten and threw it away.

"Fetch it," he said.

Chris got up, slunk to the mitten and brought it back. He sat before his new master and loved him with patiently enquiring eyes.

Avery said: "What do you want, man? A bill of sale? You have the dog, haven't you?"

Everyone was watching and listening. Gresham vaguely was aware of that as he answered: "It's this way. I haven't worked it out, but it's this way: he belongs to Jarvis. Jarvis is a beast who couldn't own anything, you may say. But Jarvis was fond of Chris. He taught Chris everything Chris knows. How to go and fetch that mitten, for instance."

"Well?" asked Avery after an expectant pause.

"I don't know," said Gresham. "I'm going out by myself to think it over."

He took his revolver and went.

THE AURORA was in big arched bands across the sky. The shrubbery quivered or seemed to quiver with electric fire. Chris instantly took the trail where the snow still was falling into the ruts. Gresham walked behind him.

But after a time he called the dog back to him. Chris came and stood before him with his head canted to one side, questioning.

"Look," said Gresham. "This Jarvis you want to bring me to so badly is no good. He's a rotten sort. You like me pretty well; you like him almost as well. But you're wrong. If you bring us together, there's only going to be a fight. Suppose you don't bring us together; are you going to keep hankering for him in your heart of hearts? Listen, is that what you're going to do?"

Chris, as though he wished to give the most patient consideration to the important question, sat down and waited for the next remark. It came from the rear end of a patch of small crowded trees, all leaning to one side from the prevailing winds.

It was the greasy voice of Jarvis saying: "All right. I guess I got you now, Gresham. Chris, come here, you old fool!"

Chris neither stayed with his new master nor went to the old. Instead he fled off to the side.

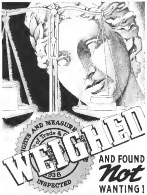
Jarvis, who had the butt of his rifle almost at his shoulder, still eyed Gresham. He said: "I'd kind of like to linger it out. I've thrown away twenty years of work to get rid of you off my trail. And now I'd kind of like to linger it out a little. I'd like to get the taste of killing you all the way down the back of my tongue. Understand you?"

"I understand," said Gresham, speaking without fear because he felt he was too tired to know anything but fatigue.

"What I'm wondering," said Jarvis, "is will he howl when you flop down in the snow? Will I have to drag him off howling because he wants to stay here with a dead man?"

"He'll want to stay here," answered Gresham.

"You got my gold," said Jarvis. "Why d



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All weights and measures used in Canada for commercial purposes are checked against official master weights, much as one checks the clocks of the world against Greenwich. The world depends on Greenwich for *accurate* time; Canada depends on the Department of Trade and Commerce for *accurate* weight.

This service protects both merchant and buyer. The honest merchant can sell with confidence, knowing that he is protected against the competition of an unscrupulous merchant who could cut prices and short weight to make up the difference. The buyer may buy in confidence that his interests are being safeguarded as far as it is humanly possible to do so by the continuous checking and supervision from Department Inspectors.

Much of the success of this service, however, depends upon your co-operation. Check your weights and measures when buying. Buy in definite weights and quantities. Do your own arithmetic. Watch, and make sure you get exactly what you pay for.

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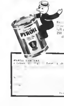

u keep coming after me when you had [illegible]

Gresham looked at the face of the man [illegible]. The only light they had threw [illegible] trembling shadows that seemed [illegible] natural darkness of the skin. The [illegible] face of Jarvis had grown worn [illegible] lean with a pucker in the cheeks [illegible] corners of the mouth. After [illegible] worked up the trail on one mine [illegible] him and with the lost was the [illegible] power of Chris working against [illegible] times.

"I don't know why I came after you but [illegible]," said Gresham.

"[illegible] your gun," commanded Jarvis. "[illegible] fill your hand before I [illegible]."

"[illegible] for my gun pretty soon," said [illegible].

"[illegible] wouldn't tell me," declared Jarvis. "[illegible] kind of rots me wanting to know [illegible] did to him."

GRESHAM, looking at him still calm, [illegible] was calm, wondered why the man [illegible] to him [illegible] though [illegible] might be. Perhaps that was why it [illegible] so frightfully important for him [illegible] Jarvis face to face.

"I'll tell you about it," said Gresham. "[illegible] was a pup he was sick with distemper and during his fever I used to set [illegible] water for him. I didn't know, but [illegible] me for it. That's the queer thing [illegible] me for it. And I didn't know."

[illegible] a word he seldom used and it [illegible] him strangely.

"[illegible] gonna forget you, he's gonna [illegible]," shouted Jarvis.

"[illegible] matter of nine either. I'm dead," said Gresham with a strange serenity. "He'll think more of that than he'll think of you. Is there room in any [illegible] love two things at once?"

"[illegible]!" shouted Jarvis, and jammed [illegible] of the rifle against his shoulder. [illegible] a shadow rose behind [illegible] snarl. Gresham could not see [illegible] the teeth of the dog actually [illegible] his master or not, but Jarvis whirled suddenly, firing blindly, and [illegible] and crying out in a terrible [illegible] Chris.

Gresham had his gun out in that time. He held it with both hands and fired. It seemed to him that he hardly had [illegible] when Jarvis fell flat on his back.

He lay there with his huge feet sticking up in the snowshoes as Gresham [illegible] and bent over him. The bullet had gone through the left side of the body.

But that was not the important matter. The question was whether or not Chris had put his teeth into his old master. It would be simple to find out. It meant merely turning the body to one side, but somehow Gresham preferred to keep the question unanswered.

The shadow of the dog was falling across his feet and across the dead man.

He held out his left arm.

"Chris," he commanded, and the big husky came instantly under his hand. Gresham dropped to his knees.

Then without looking, using the sense of touch alone, he picked up handful after handful of the snow and scrubbed the muzzle of the dog. After that he stood up and walked slowly down the back trail. The others could salvage what was left of Jarvis' team and sled.

The dog, as soon as he understood the intention of the master, trotted quietly behind him, his nose never more than an inch behind the hand of Gresham.

Those softly following footfalls seemed to Gresham the only reality in this Northern world. The rest, and even his time of labor in the mine, was as dreamlike as the trembling of the aurora through the sky.

He began as he walked to dream of a Southern land where one labored little or not at all, where the sea gave to every soul a blessing greater than gold, and where the women were beautiful forever. He could hear their voices, and that imagined sound set him smiling, for they seemed to be hurrying toward him, laughing among themselves, and looking at him with eyes of eternal understanding.

Arena Dramas

Continued from page 7

[illegible] behind the story. The very things [illegible] to form the background for the [illegible] sport.

[illegible] sports writer's ideas change. Four years back if anyone had asked me what was the most dramatic event you [illegible] sport? I'd have answered [illegible]ingly: "The night Dempsey came back to knock out Firpo after he had been [illegible] from the ring."

Today I wouldn't say that. Dempsey [illegible] sullenly, dazedly back through the ropes that 1923 night at the Polo Grounds in New York still leaves an imprint [illegible] in the memory of sheer [illegible] and pulsating theatricals in the [illegible]. But today I'd pick another event [illegible] sport, other figures, as providing the most gripping, throat-constricting [illegible] sports drama I've seen over a [illegible] or forty year stretch of looking at the picture from inside and [illegible].

[illegible] February eight of 1934 in [illegible] giant hockey cockpit, the Maple Leaf Gardens. It was a hockey night too [illegible] something beyond a [illegible]heduled National League match. [illegible] truth these provided drama [illegible] when Charlie Conacher was [illegible] his frozen thunderbolts, Joe [illegible] was performing his miracles of playmaking at mid-ice, and [illegible] Jackson was taking passes on [illegible], ripping pucks backhand [illegible] than most one shoot them forehand [illegible].

The sheer and chivalry of hockey were gathered for it [illegible] the Ace Bailey benefit. A few weeks before, Leafs had played in Boston. What was just another hockey game had suddenly belched forth grim and sinister tragedy, conjured up the chill, bleak possibility of death in the evening, death in a hockey game, one player hurled to sudden end by another.

Eddie Shore, the rugged, powerful star of the Boston Bruins, greatest hockey player of his time, most idolized in Boston, most hated elsewhere, had from behind hurled his bruise into Bailey, a slim, fast skating, hard-shooting right winger, as Bailey turned from an abortive play and was moving back. Shore never asked, never gave any quarter in hockey. He played hockey as Dempsey fought, with an [illegible] savagery, a burning lust for victory. He had a temper too in his early days, a temper that made his oddly colored eyes burn with a furious red glow, that set his mouth in grim lines, that at times turned him almost berserk as fires flared beyond governing bounds. But a great athlete [illegible] great perhaps because what is a spark in others was a hot flame in Shore.

So in his own rugged fashion Shore plunged into Bailey, his shoulder [illegible] all the way. Bailey, off balance, pitched forward on his face; his head struck the ice with fearful impact. He lay there a suddenly nerveless, inert heap. You can usually tell these major crashes in hockey, and the crowd, the players, instinctively sensed that here was hell and drama beyond the ordinary.

Shore, they tell me, stood a second [illegible]

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MERCOLIZED Wax CREAM KEEPS YOUR SKIN Young Looking

Mercolized Wax Cream flakes off the surface skin [illegible]

Use Saxolite Astringent Daily

THIS tingling [illegible] astringent is delightfully refreshing and helpful [illegible] Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and apply.

Try Phelactine Depilatory

For quickly removing superfluous hair from face. Sold at drug counters everywhere.

HOW A DOCTOR AVOIDS PAIN AFTER MEALS

[illegible]

Signed [illegible]
27th September 1937

Doctors in England [illegible] give approval to proprietary [illegible]. But literally hundreds of them [illegible] written in praise of Digestif Rennie.

Rennie is a pleasant type of lozenge which is dissolved in the mouth. It becomes active in the stomach at once because it gets there full strength—not weakened with water.

Digestif Rennie works in three ways— It contains antacids which neutralize acidity, absorbents which reduce stomach gas, and digestive ferments which [illegible] aid digestion.

A trial pocket costs 25 cents. Family size 75 cents. Obtainable from all Drug Stores.

MOSQUITOES WON'T BITE

[illegible]

Potter & Moore's 35¢ ANTI-MOSQUITO CREAM

Mothersills

STOPS TRAVEL SICKNESS by SEA-AIR and TRAIN

RainKing for Beautiful Lawns and Gardens

[illegible]

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING HARDWARE DEALERS

[illegible] they didn't take [illegible] trapped them there.

In Roumania

IT WAS through Father's activities with Wrangel's army after the Bolsheviki had taken over control of the Russian Government that he was brought into contact with Roumanian affairs. Roumania was in a state of chaos. Following agreement with the Allied Powers, the Government had declared war against Austria-Hungary in August, 1916, but when the support of her Russian ally crumbled later in the year, the armies of the Central Powers occupied Bucharest, the capital, in December 1916. Parliament and the Royal Family fled to Jassy on the Russian border in Moldavia. An attempt was made to reorganize the Roumanian army under the shelter of Russian troops, but the complete collapse of the Russian army during the summer of 1917 permitted General von Mackensen in command of the Central Powers to throw his full strength against Roumania, with the inevitable result.

Russian troops, supposedly allies, disintegrated into marauding bands. Roumania was beaten. An armistice was signed in December, 1917.

This was the tragic condition of Roumania when Joe Boyle arrived in Jassy in the winter of 1917. The greater portion of the country was under enemy occupation. Thousands of her own refugees, thrown from their homes and villages by the invaders, were wandering the [illegible] roads and city streets, hungry and homeless, destitute. Reckless, pillaging Russian soldiers were [illegible] the food, and after the Bolsheviki [illegible] in November 1917 and the armistice between Lenin's Government and the Central Powers that followed, a mob [illegible] later thousands of White Russian refugees fleeing from the Bolshevik terror [illegible] the Roumanian border [illegible].

General Wrangel, still holding out against the Bolsheviks in Bessarabia, had despatched Father to Jassy to complete plans for getting food and supplies to White Russian refugees who had escaped over the Roumanian border. Here Father was able to see for himself that small country was literally at the [illegible].

Queen Marie herself told me the story of their first meeting. She granted me an audience in her New York hotel [illegible] in 1926 during her last visit to the United States, just a few months after I had visited my father's grave in Kent with its mystic Roumanian emblem, a blanket of Roumanian ivy, and the grand cross of the Order of Regina Maria [illegible] the marble tombstone.

Alone I waited in one of the rooms of her suite for her entrance, thinking with [illegible] of the many things my father [illegible] the lovely lady whose Queen [illegible] was about to greet me. A door [illegible] the heavy curtains that draped it [illegible] I saw a straight, beautiful [illegible] gowned woman dressed in [illegible] white satin. Long white kid gloves [illegible] her arms to the elbow. [illegible] of matched pearls [illegible] glimmering tiara set with [illegible] jewels above her lustrous dark hair [illegible] small circlet [illegible] friendly gesture.

For one brief moment she stood there, one arm holding back the heavy drapes. She gazed long and searchingly into my face. Then she came forward, holding out both hands.

"Hello," she exclaimed. "You are just as I expected. You are just like your father."

MANY A MAN MAKES THIS BIG MISTAKE

I used to be invited everywhere. Then gradually people quit asking me. It had me puzzled.

My girl (do you like her?) began to act distant, too. Once she showed me a Listerine ad and asked me if I had read it. I muffed that one.

The boss got tough, too. "You're not getting in to see the big shots the way you used to," he said, "what's the trouble?"

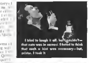
That jolted me. I tried to explain but there wasn't any explanation. What he said was *true*.

Then on Valentine's Day I got one of these ridiculous comics we kids used to send.

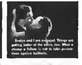
—and boy, did I get a laugh! This is what it said:
"You might be welcome every day
If you would keep your breath okay."

"Some wisecracker has been reading the ads and is trying to get my goat," I told myself—then I turned it over.

"You may think this is a joke," was written in a bold hand, "but it is far from it. Take this hint for your own good." It was signed—"A Friend."



I tried to laugh it off, but I couldn't—that note was in earnest. I hated to think that such a hint was necessary—but, mister, I took it.



Evelyn and I are engaged. Things are getting better at the office, too. What a chump a fellow is not to take precautions against halitosis.

You [illegible] is agreeable, *but is it?* How do you know at this moment that it is not offensive to others? The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it. And even your best friend won't tell you.

Everyone is likely to have halitosis at some time or other. Ninety per cent of cases, says one dental authority, are due to fermentation of bits of food particles skipped by the tooth brush and left clinging to mouth surfaces.

A quick, safe way to guard against unpleasant breath is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Listerine quickly halts [illegible] and checks the odors it causes. When you wish to put yourself on the safe side, don't trust to ordinary mouth washes which may be devoid of deodorant power. Use only Listerine Antiseptic.

Lambert Pharmaceutical Co. *(Canada)* Ltd.

Before any appointment use LISTERINE *to end Halitosis (Bad Breath)*

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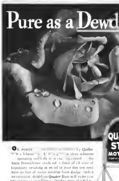
* * * * *

Small loans are *Big Business* to this Bank, which desires at all times to meet the legitimate credit needs of business and private individuals. Your enquiries are invited.

in twelve months
10,500,000 individual deposits were accepted from customers and 40,000,000 cheques cashed, entered, checked and rechecked by The Royal Bank alone

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA
OVER [illegible] BRANCHES IN ALL PARTS OF CANADA



OIL PURITY [illegible] by Quaker State's laboratory [illegible] modern refineries operating under the most exacting control [illegible] the finest Pennsylvania crude oil is freed of all trace of impurities, resulting in an oil so pure that you need have no fear of motor troubles from sludge, carbon or corrosion. *Acid-Free Quaker State* will make your car run better, last longer. Quaker State Oil Refining Company [illegible] Toronto, Ont.

There are so many things I have to tell you, so much I want to tell you about your father.

Queen Marie's Story

HER VOICE travelled on excitedly, time flying by unheeded while this splendid woman, the Queen of Roumania, told me of the miracles he had performed for her stricken country, of her sincere affection and admiration for this exceptional man.

Here is the picture as she painted it for me, her expressive face and eloquent gestures interpreting every phrase and mood of her exquisitely modulated voice:

Jassy in late winter, 1917.

There had been continuous rain for three nights. Supplying a sombre sound motif for the dreary unceasing downpour was the ominous thunder of artillery not far off. The enemy was at the gate.

Food supplies were almost exhausted. Roumania had not sufficient for her own hungry people and White Russian refugees were clamoring by their thousands to be fed. There had been sporadic outbreaks of rioting, some shootings in the city. Hospitals were crowded to the doors, wounded and sick moaning on mattresses laid on the corridor floors. Communication with the outside world was uncertain for telephone and telegraph lines had been cut. Anarchists and Bolshevists plotted revolution in dark places, waiting only the fully ripened moment to strike and kill.

In the Winter Palace a Royal Court was in progress, but there was no glitter and no glamor, no bright gaiety as in other happier days. Voices were hushed, conversation was broken, fragmentary. The Queen, faultlessly groomed as always, stood in the main reception hall giving formal audience, but her face was lined with fatigue and anxiety, and there were deep circles beneath her eyes.

The room was a huge one: a row of chairs around the walls, a massive table in the centre, silk brocade hangings drawn across the high windows, deep piled Persian rugs on the floor. At the head stood a raised dais with one richly carved high backed chair. Against the wall panels hung oil portraits of Roumanian royalty.

The greater part of the audience that night was made up of ambassadors and plenipotentiaries from foreign countries, their preparations for escape from the doomed land completed, who had come to pay their last respects to the Queen who stood there, regal but alone.

Outside a military motorcycle roared up the long driveway, braked to a halt at the main entrance. A man climbed out of the side car and strode impatiently into the foyer. He gave his name to an attendant, demanded audience of the Queen. When the attendant asked him to state his business, he thrust him aside with the brusque reply, "Never mind! I'll take care of myself."

He threw off his rain soaked trench coat, pulled his uniform tunic straight, then walked with quick steps to the reception hall and entered. His abrupt entrance drew all eyes toward him: the wet, strange uniform, the muddy boots that left tracks on the rich carpet. He continued unheeding to the far centre of the room, stood before Queen Marie and announced his name in clear loud tones.

"Your Majesty, I am Colonel Joe Boyle."

The Queen looked at him. She saw a stranger, a tall, powerfully built, rugged man in the uniform of a Canadian officer. After a moment she asked, "You are here to see me?"

He replied, "Your Majesty, I am here to help you."

"I Shall Not Leave You"

SHE HAD never seen this man before or heard his name. Yet she told me there was so much dignity and power in his bearing that she felt at once that what he said was true. That he would and could help her in this extreme hour. She stepped forward to greet him, extending her hand, expecting the usual formal brushing of the fingertips common to court circles. Instead he grasped her hand firmly, pressed her fingers in a firm strong clasp.

She led him to a chair, sat beside him and told him something of the grief and despair that was in her heart.

Queen Marie said to me, "Your father came to me at an hour when I was on the verge of complete despair. I knew that dawn of the next day might bring utter disaster. I felt that I was at the beginning of the end of everything. Then suddenly there was this offer of a refuge against the storm. I told him all there was to tell, and I concluded, 'They have all left me.'

"He answered, 'I shall not leave you,' and I knew that he wouldn't. Our hands clasped for a moment, and we both completely understood. From that time forward I never doubted, and he knew that I never would doubt."

Several vital conferences followed. First, Joe Boyle must complete the mission upon which he had been [illegible] General Wrangel—to arrange [illegible] White Russian refugees [illegible] he was organizing [illegible] in supplies, arranging [illegible] channels, as he had done [illegible] correspondent wrote [illegible]:

"Enter Joe Boyle who seemed to wave a wand. [illegible] transport was in order and in [illegible] days 500 tons of flour were delivered into Roumania from Russia."

That task completed, father returned to Jassy. Civil war between the White Russian armies and the soldiers of Lenin was still going on, was to continue until 1920, but no such desperate situation existed in Russia as in Roumania, where a small nation was being overrun with foreign enemies, beaten and trampled. Such a cause was certain to attract father. He rushed into the fray with all his old enthusiasm, and although he was active in Russia on many exciting occasions thereafter, it was always as a representative of the Roumanian Government. General Wrangel could fight his own battles. Little Roumania needed Joe Boyle to help her.

Note: This is the second of three articles relating the story of Joseph Boyle, soldier of fortune. The third will appear in the next issue of Maclean's.

Letters

Dislikes Eden Criticism

As an Englishman, I always read with considerable interest Mr. Baxter's articles. They are ever of educational value; they enable one to gain an insight on the subject at a different angle although it may be directly opposite to one's own.

His message to the citizens of the U. S. A. would do a lot of good if it could be broadcast all over the States.

But what have we to say about his article of April 1? Does he intend us to guess who was the cause of the recent crisis or is he afraid of being too explicit? Eden is damned with faint praise; according to B. B. he ought to have known better than to oppose his chief.

I hope Canadians will not accept the article, vague as it is, as to who was the culprit, because although Mr. Baxter is a Member of the British Parliament, he does not express the opinion of the vast majority of Englishmen on that particular subject.

The almost universal expression of opinion concerning the action of the Premier from all shades of public thought is sufficient in itself to show who the culprit was without any apology from B. B.—Edwin Halford, Matlock, England.

ANOTHER SENSATIONAL CUT IN CURRENT COST!

1938 FRIGIDAIRE
WITH NEW SILENT METER-MISER

brings Greatest Savings ever Known on.. Current.. Food..Ice..Upkeep!

SAVE ALL 4 WAYS...
..or you may not Save at all!

① **SAVE MORE ON CURRENT** New Silent Meter-Miser saves up to 25% MORE! See lower operating cost *proved* before you buy!

② **SAVE MORE ON FOOD** Keep larger quantities *safer, fresher, longer!* Food Safety Indicator on the door *proves* this before you buy!

③ **SAVE MORE ON ICE** Actually make ice *cheaper* than you can buy it . . . freeze desserts at lower cost than ever! You see *proof* before you buy!

④ **SAVE MORE ON UPKEEP** Longer, trouble-free life assured by New Thermo-Sealed Cabinet . . . New Silent Meter-Miser . . . 5-Year Protection Plan on sealed-in mechanism, backed by GENERAL MOTORS!

• Think of it! Sensationally greater savings on current—food—ice—upkeep! *Proved* before your eyes—before you buy! That's what Frigidaire brings you with the revolutionary NEW SILENT METER-MISER. Make sure the refrigerator *you* buy saves in *all 4 of these ways*. Unless it does, it may actually *waste* your money.

For some refrigerators may cost little to run, yet fail to keep food safe or freeze enough ice in hot weather. Others may keep safe temperatures, but only at excessive operating cost. And still others may "eat up" so much in servicing and repairs that their puny savings in other ways are wiped out.

So look out for the "hidden extravagance." Demand *proof* of greater savings in *all 4 ways*. You'll get this proof at your Frigidaire Dealer's 4-Way Saving Demonstration. Here you'll see 1938 Frigidaire's NEWLY STYLED 9-Way Adjustable Interior—NEW Moisture-Seal Hydrators—NEW Close-Bar Sliding Shelves—and many other NEW EXCLUSIVE advantages!

You'll agree—no other refrigerator at *any* price can give you so much and *save* you so much. FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, Leaside, Ontario.

NEW
SILENT METER-MISER
SIMPLEST REFRIGERATING MECHANISM EVER BUILT!

Uses so little current—You can hardly hear it run. Saves up to 25% MORE on operating cost! Meet the NEW Miracle Maker of Cold! Saves up to 25% MORE on electricity than even the current-saving Meter-Miser of 1937! And proves its simplicity. So amazingly silent you can't doubt its ability to give long, economical trouble-free service. Completely sealed! Automatically oiled and cooled! Comes with 5-Year Protection Plan backed by General Motors. Saves you more than ever before on current—food—ice—upkeep . . . ALL 4 WAYS. See—hear—the PROOF at your Frigidaire Dealer's today!

FRIGIDAIRE

New "DOUBLE-EASY" QUICKUBE TRAYS
—Only Frigidaire has them

1 RELEASE CUBES INSTANTLY . . . SAVE 20% MORE ICE! Only one lever to lift and cubes are released—2 or a trayful! All-metal for faster freezing! Ends melting, waste under faucet.

2 TRAYS COME FREE AT FINGER-TOUCH . . . with exclusive Frigidaire Automatic Tray Release. No tugging, hacking, prying! Every tray in every model is a NEW "Double-Easy" Quickube Tray! No other like it.

See your Frigidaire Dealer's 4-Way Saving Demonstration

It's fun to choose, but choosing deserves serious study

[illegible]

Spending the Wedding Cheque

By M. FRANCES HUCKS

of Chatelaine Institute Staff

JUNE [illegible] weddings [illegible] brand new homes [illegible] the wedding cheque [illegible] popular [illegible] parents and other relatives of the family to present [illegible] friends and members [illegible] cheque [illegible] refrigerator [illegible] stove [illegible] writing to [illegible] contribution will go toward [illegible] washing [illegible]

Half the problem [illegible] when [illegible] back [illegible] the [illegible] is important and deserves [illegible] careful study.

There's the [illegible] After all the [illegible] what type [illegible] And [illegible] the construction [illegible] purchase.

Your best bet [illegible] reliable [illegible] behind [illegible] variety of styles and models from which you may select the one best suited to your individual kitchen. Size is important; the stove should be big enough to handle all the entertaining that may be done but not so big that [illegible] Ovens are placed at different levels and at right [illegible] choice depending [illegible] equipment. [illegible] of different types and sizes [illegible] many models have special cooking devices. These should be considered with [illegible] Cabinet heaters and [illegible] temperature controls, attached lights, storage compartments, table tops [illegible] choice [illegible] the problem [illegible] consideration it deserves [illegible] years of pleasure [illegible] new stove.

Weigh the [illegible] much the same way [illegible] buying [illegible] investment and one which will pay [illegible] in economy, safety [illegible] and [illegible] Buy one that's large enough to handle [illegible] that may [illegible] the immediate [illegible] new. An extra [illegible] of space may mean a few extra dollars now, but it will also mean [illegible] as the family grows larger and parties are bigger and more frequent.

Here's what to look for: Good [illegible] of the food compartment itself and [illegible] the door, durable, easily cleaned [illegible] and quietness of operation [illegible] machines, shelves that won't rust [illegible] so constructed and placed that [illegible] tumblers won't tip. Pay attention to the spacing and adjustability of shelves [illegible] watermelon or extra [illegible] bottle will [illegible] place to rest. Still [illegible] refrigerators are [illegible] compartments specially designed to [illegible] keep them crisp and fresh. These [illegible] may be entirely separate [illegible] slide out like a drawer, leaving the [illegible] permanently attached. Wire baskets [illegible] small covered containers [illegible] very low temperature compartments for storage of frozen foods are a few more of the finishing touches you'll find coming up for your consideration. And if you don't get a tremendous thrill out of buying such a luxurious necessity, then you haven't realized what a lucky couple you are to be starting housekeeping in a country like ours where such things are practically taken for granted.

Cleaners

MAYBE the cheque was generous enough to cover a washing machine too. Being able to keep the trousseau linens looking like new, to keep clothing spotless and fresh, is second only to the satisfaction of serving attractive and well cooked meals. Besides giving you this satisfaction a good washer will save time, strength, money and clothes.

Once again size is important. Machines are designed to handle different sized loads; the average one has a capacity of seven or eight pounds and can easily look after all the laundry for a family of five or six. Smaller or larger models are available. Some machines are equipped with wringers, others with driers which whirl the water out of the clothes and are particularly useful in drying blankets and other bulky pieces.

Be sure the motor is a good one, and for the inexperienced the best way to do that is to select a reliable make with the manufacturer's guarantee behind it. To check on the safety of the machine, see that the motor is completely protected from water, that all moving parts are enclosed, that the wringer has an easily operated safety release and that the cord is a rubber one.

Select a machine made of attractive durable material which is easily cleaned. Satisfy yourself that the inside of the tub is smooth and rounded and that the wringer controls are convenient and easily operated. Proper height of the machine is a great comfort, efficient drainage is necessary, and quietness of operation desirable.

While we're on the subject of laundry it might be a good idea to mention the electric ironer which may be finding its way into the new establishment. If you're planning to do all your own work, this piece of equipment is a marvellous labor saver. In fact, it's downright fun to sit comfortably in front of the neat rollers, feeding the dampened clothes through and watching them come out smooth and straight without the least effort on your part. These machines, like all our modern equipment, are streamlined and efficient. They are easily moved about and operated. Use the same care in choosing it you would in any other mechanical device, depending on the name and guarantee for good construction and satisfactory operation.

Another all-important piece of equipment in any new home is the electric vacuum cleaner. It looks like one of those things you simply can't do without. It means so much in the way of health, comfort, cleanliness of surroundings, convenience, and long life for carpets and rugs, upholstery, draperies and curtains.

Be convinced that the machine you select really removes all kinds of dirt—dust, lint, hair and the gritty dirt which eventually will destroy a rug.

A cleaner should be easy to operate, should be designed to protect furniture from bumps and to get under large pieces and into corners. It should be effective for rugs of different thicknesses, comfortable to handle and of sturdy construction.

"Owned by the Staff"

Continued from page 2[illegible]

hitter of junk in an abandoned shack in the suburbs, the spectacle was enough to sadden the hearts of the eager executives. It was about fifty years old, to begin with. The tucking blade was missing and the tapes on the folder and the pulleys were off. The rollers were rotted and the bearings not set. But, said the old-time printer, it would do the job. And that, after all, was the only thing that mattered.

The stereotyping equipment consisted of a brush for molding, a steam table with a discarded kettle that gave eighty-five pounds of steam, a one-ton metal pot and a double hand ladle for plate casting, a tail cutter and a plate shaver and finishing block. Altogether a haywire outfit if there ever was one. The typesetting problem was easier. The *News-Herald* merely leased a near-by linotype plant.

They were all set to go, but there were several false starts. When the great day came for publishing the first issue of the *News-Herald*, the old press groaned and sighed and refused to roll. It had to be turned by hand laboriously to produce the first few thousand papers. But eventually, after almost every newspaper mechanic in Vancouver had been consulted and an expert brought in from Seattle, the old press agreed to co-operate.

The whole operation was pretty cumbersome at first, because the editorial and business offices were in one building, the composing room was a block away, and the press and mailing room were three miles out of town. Every time the forms containing movable type were locked and loaded on trucks to be sent on their way to the press, the editor and mechanical superintendent breathed a prayer, but in a whole year of this awkward process there was not a single accident. The paper was late some mornings, but it always came out.

"We spent practically nothing on office equipment," says Editor Kelly, looking back on those pioneering days with a complacency he could not then afford. "The editorial workers who had portable typewriters used them and passed them around to those who had none. The desks were old kitchen tables and packing cases. The business office had to put on more of a front, so we hired typewriters and adding machines, but our ledgers were second hand."

The *News-Herald* started as modestly as any paper in modern times, but no appeals for sympathetic support were made on that account. The staff knew that their project would live or die on its merits. The paper made no attempt to win customers by pyrotechnics of a sensational order, either. It didn't even try to compete with the afternoon papers, recognizing the futility of attempting to match their resources. But it did make a genuine effort to meet the demand for an independent morning paper that would at least cover the high spots of the news. "We ignored the theory that a morning newspaper to be successful should be dull," says Kelly. "All stories were made short and snappy. And we kept out of politics."

No Longer an Experiment

AFTER the first few months readers of the *News-Herald* began to recognize its worth. It was no longer an experiment, no longer a guessing contest as to how long the stunt would continue. The *News-Herald* was being bought for the service it gave, and the shrewd importers of morning newspapers from Seattle and points south who had been busily hawking their wares on downtown street corners in Vancouver in the absence of a local morning daily soon were forced to curtail their orders. For the new Vancouver paper had definitely "arrived."

Circulation for the first year was around 10,000. It is now more than double that figure, the highest for any morning newspaper west of Toronto. This is an achievement made all the more remarkable by the fact that the company had no funds for costly promotion or soliciting. It was up to the carriers, the boys who delivered the paper to the homes. They were the paper's chief salesmen, and they were apparently inspired by the same enthusiasm that kept the office staffs on their toes.

The co-operative idea has really worked, according to [illegible] and Kelly and their co-workers. Few of the original partner-employees have left the organization. Those who did, sold their stock holdings within the organization at a figure based on demand. It was stipulated in the articles of incorporation that no stock could be sold outside the company. This arrangement was made to forestall any attempt on the part of outsiders to get control. The number of shareholders was limited to fifty, all of them regular workers. Not long ago the company needed a new press and other equipment. It negotiated a loan from a Vancouver businessman, but directors of the *News-Herald* emphasized that it was only that. Participation in the company's ownership was not involved. On the rare occasions when blocks of stock are offered for sale, each shareholder is advised of the fact and given an opportunity to buy. Usually the stock is scattered among a group of holders, and as the distribution stands today there is no danger of any one group or department obtaining a controlling interest. The *News-Herald*, unlike many larger newspapers, is free of front-office domination, thus guaranteeing freedom of editorial expression.

The scoffers have been silenced now, but the *News-Herald* found that one serious obstacle was the mental one, based on the sceptical theory that a co-operative newspaper in which all partners would have an equal voice simply wouldn't function.

"It's never been done before," the critics said, and although a few of them managed to recall attempts that had been made, all of them ending in disaster. "You can't run a newspaper with everyone dictating policy. You'll have a miniature soviet on your hands."

The fact that the *News-Herald* has survived this long has been a convincing answer to the pessimists. There has been no important disagreement among stockholders from the outset, and questions of policy have been settled satisfactorily by making the department heads responsible for the shaping, rather than individual shareholders. In its routine operation there is very little difference between the *News-Herald* and any other conventionally owned newspaper.

"We've never had any serious trouble maintaining discipline," says Kelly. "The department heads have the right to hire and fire just as in any other organization. Since we became established two stockholders have been dismissed for cause. We make no distinction between shareholders and non-shareholders. They're all working for the paper. And in the case of the shareholder the tendency has been to work harder and better because he knows he is rewarded according to the paper's growth and prosperity."

The *News-Herald* executives are modest. They say that any other group could perform a similar job if things broke right for them. But the experiment of the *News-Herald*, successful though it has been, is not likely to do more than prove that a venture of this kind isn't impossible. The *News-Herald* is probably the exceptional case, and the reason for its success may not be due so much to the soundness of an idea as to the spirit of the men and women who made their dream come true.

* * * * *

My home MUST BE MODERN

"We modernized OUR LIVINGROOM WALLS AND CEILINGS WITH DONNACONA"

By using Donnacona every home can LOOK NEW, MODERN, BEAUTIFUL—and be [illegible] In Donnacona Insulating Board you [illegible] perfect material for interiors of [illegible] decorative charm. Two textures (rough [illegible] smooth) and [illegible] delightfully [illegible] Donnacona Insulating Products [illegible] decoration whatsoever [illegible] Donnacona may be painted in any [illegible]

FOR YOUR NEW HOME—Be sure [illegible] the building [illegible] upon Donnacona Insulating Products [illegible] savings in fuel [illegible] Donnacona Board for sheathing and Donnacona Insulating Lath as a plaster base [illegible] within a few years. [illegible] Donnacona Insulating Products

DONNACONA INSULATING PRODUCTS

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MONTREAL

SAINT JOHN

[illegible] Canada Limited

Ask your Dealer [illegible] and mail the coupon below TODAY!

ALEXANDER MURRAY & COMPANY LIMITED
[illegible] Street, Montreal

Please send me without obligation further information on Donnacona Insulating Products
☐ for Attic and Basement Rooms
for Insulation in New Homes
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Address

CRAVEN "A"
never vary
in smoking
pleasure!

Your throat is always safe with Craven "A" cork-tipped cigarettes' unvarying quality!

20 for 25c.
ALSO IN TINS 50 for 60c
[illegible] in England

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

CRAVEN PLAIN ([illegible]) SAME FINE QUALITY AS CRAVEN "A"

MAKE YOUR SPARE TIME PAY!

[illegible] selling [illegible] I found that [illegible] thing that [illegible] and [illegible] I was representing all the leading publications I had no trouble in getting new orders and renewals. It's a grand plan—take my advice and write today.

In every part of the Dominion men and women have found this spare time work pleasant, dignified and profitable. There are still many localities waiting for someone to cash in on this opportunity. You will be under no obligation whatever if you will let us tell you the full details of our money-making plan. Write:

LOCAL AGENTS' DEPARTMENT
FIDELITY CIRCULATION CO. OF CANADA
210 Dundas St. W., Toronto

"IT'S GREAT TO FEEL FACE-FRESH ALL DAY LONG"

ROLLS RAZOR
HONES ITSELF — STROPS ITSELF — NO BLADES TO BUY
$6.95 and up
Rolls Shaving Bowl $1.00 Refills 60c

CANADA CARRIAGE & BODY COMPANY
Limited
HEAD OFFICE AND FACTORIES BRANTFORD, ONT.

SHOTS and ANGLES

By ANN ROSS

The Adventures of Robin Hood

THE Adventures of Robin Hood is one of those wonder shows that come along once in a while and rock even the publicity writers back on their heels. This was lusty spectacle seventeen years ago when Douglas Fairbanks Sr. played the gallant Robin who fought princes and barons and established himself as a sort of unofficial relief administrator, robbing the rich to help the poor. Warner Brothers have now taken over the legend, poured their millions into it and given it a brilliant cast.

Errol Flynn doesn't display quite the agility of Douglas Fairbanks, who in the old days bounded from the heights of battlements and back like a twelfth-century Tarzan. Still Errol Flynn gets about in a sufficiently lively fashion, and is handsome and romantic enough for anyone. Pretty Olivia de Havilland is Maid Marian and Basil Rathbone contributes the black-hearted villainy and intrigue which are his special department. "The Adventures of Robin Hood" has the fine sweep and action of the best silent days, and all the sound and splendor of the modern screen. One of the season's finest films.

Vivacious Lady

THE CAST of "Vivacious Lady" is considerably better than its story. In fact the acting is so good that it almost [illegible] led bedroom farce into [illegible]. A young biology professor (James Stewart) meets, courts and marries all in a few hours, a New York cabaret entertainer (Ginger Rogers). He takes her to his college town and the problem of the director is to keep bride and bridegroom apart till the conventions are satisfied and the bride is properly introduced to society.

A great deal of ingenuity and adroit sidestepping have been employed to keep the plot moving, and the predicament of the frustrated honeymooners this side of censorship. Ginger Rogers, who seems to be able to turn her hand to anything on the screen, is bright and believable in a straight part, and the supporting cast (Beulah Bondi, Charles Coburn, James Ellison) manage to keep a nice balance between the ribald and respectable elements in the story. There's more plot twisting than plot to "Vivacious Lady," but as entertainment it's lively and bright.

Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Irene Dunne in the R.K.O. picture "Joy of Living."

College Swing

COLLEGE SWING opens rather unexpectedly in a New England log schoolhouse of 1738. But when Gracie Allen turns up in a poke bonnet the Puritan atmosphere is dispelled. The story lightly skips a couple of hundred years and we are right in the midst of one of those college musicals which are as completely unlike anything in college as they are exactly like each other. Gracie takes charge of the college, which has been irresponsibly left to her, and it isn't long before the story more or less bows itself out and things go into the usual vaudeville pandemonium.

Martha Raye makes her appearance in a wardrobe that Dietrich wouldn't be too proud to wear, but her wardrobe doesn't interfere with her clowning, which is as muscular and free-for-all as ever. Gracie Allen is teamed this time with Edward Everett Horton, and George Burns, with no particular reason for turning up, turns up anyway. So does Jackie Coogan. Almost everyone you've ever seen in college musicals is present in some capacity except the Ritz boys, whose place has been taken by the Slate Brothers so that you'd hardly notice the difference.

Laurence Olivier and Merle Oberon in the M-G-M picture "The Divorce of Lady X."

Errol Flynn in First National's "The Adventures of Robin Hood."

Joy of Living

IRENE DUNNE is a Broadway musical star in her latest film and her life is just one long chore of singing, rehearsing, signing autographs, and supporting her worthless family. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. is a gay young sportsman with no responsibilities, no job, no family, and a lot of bright ideas for making the heroine get rid of hers. His principal obsession is to carry her off to an atoll in the South Seas, and as an introduction to the joy of living he takes her out for an evening of roller skating.

This is the big comedy sequence of the picture, and Miss Dunne, under the stimulus of love and quantities of beer, is as uproarious as only the more ladylike girls on the screen can be. There are plenty of difficulties, some of them pretty labored, before she finally comes round to his way of thinking, walks out on her family and heads for the South Seas without as much as a sarong in her handbag. If "Joy of Living" doesn't seem quite as spontaneous as "The Awful Truth," it's probably just because it came later in the cycle. On its own merits it's lively entertainment.

The Divorce of Lady X

IN THE opening sequences of "The Divorce of Lady X," Merle Oberon bursts into a stranger's hotel bedroom and while his back is turned steals his pyjamas and climbs into his bed. The director has to prove that, though she behaves in this peculiar way, she's really just a nice girl who needs a good night's sleep. It's a tough assignment, and no directorial skill in the world could make the first ten minutes seem smooth and convincing or pretty Miss Oberon anything but an annoying pest.

Once the point is made, however, the picture settles down to first-rate comedy, thanks chiefly to Ralph Richardson's wonderful impersonation of the divorce-seeking peer Lord Mere. Binnie Barnes, her blond good looks brilliantly highlighted by technicolor, is a great help to the comedy and a pleasure to look at. The technicolor itself is admirable, joyously bright and clear. The English country settings look like something you would like to hang on your wall and all the people seem unreally beautiful instead of just unreal.

Women Are Like That

"WOMEN ARE LIKE THAT" is a picture about the troubles, business and marital, of a lady advertiser. I can't imagine anybody getting much fun out of it except other lady advertisers who like to talk shop or hear it talked. Problems of business and the married business woman are discussed endlessly. Sometimes the heroine (Kay Francis) talks about advertising to her husband, and once she gives a good long talk about her husband to a group of lady advertisers.

There's very little amusement in all this for the movie-goer. Even Miss Francis' clothes, which as a rule are a good deal more distinguished than her stories, are tacky and unbecoming in this film. In almost every respect "Women Are Like That" seems to be aimed straight away from the box office. It looks as though someone in the industry had something against poor Kay Francis.

The Sign Post

Test Pilot.—Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy in the best air drama of many seasons. Highly recommended.

Storm in a Teacup.—Bright English comedy involving a dog, his license and a politician. With Vivien Leigh. For adults and bright adolescents.

Her Jungle Love.—Crocodile worship, a volcanic eruption and Dorothy Lamour in her sarong provide the major excitements. In technicolor. As a technical achievement "Her Jungle Love" is wonderful. As a story it's nonsense.

In Old Chicago.—What life in Chicago did to the O'Leary family. And what Mother O'Leary's cow did to Chicago. A good story and a magnificent spectacle.

The Girl of the Golden West.—Old-fashioned Western with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in singing roles. The producers have made a good thorough job of everything [illegible]. Young people will enjoy it.

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.—Excellent adaptation of the Mark Twain classic. With Tommy Kelly as Tom and May Robson as Aunt Polly. The final sequences are rather too terrifying for very young people.

The Adventures of Marco Polo.—Very tall traveller's tale, with Gary Cooper as the twelfth century explorer. With Sigrid Gurie. A good exciting adventure story which the family will enjoy.

The Goldwyn Follies.—The season's biggest, most gorgeous technicolor musical. With Charlie McCarthy, Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds.

Bringing Up Baby.—Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant in a mixup with a Brontosaurus, a terrier and two leopards. Preposterous but fairly amusing.

"With women LOVE counts most"
SAY FAMOUS SCREEN STARS

"That's why we advise—keep skin smooth, guard against Cosmetic Skin"

LUX
LORETTA YOUNG
20th CENTURY-FOX STAR
EVERY GIRL WANTS ROMANCE. AND LOVELY SKIN IS VERY APPEALING TO MEN. SO I ADVISE EVERY GIRL TO GUARD AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN AS I DO—WITH LUX TOILET SOAP
COSMETIC SKIN SPOILS A GIRL'S CHANCES OF ROMANCE! SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP BECAUSE ITS ACTIVE LATHER KEEPS SKIN SMOOTH
IRENE DUNNE

HOLLYWOOD'S lovely stars are careful to remove stale cosmetics thoroughly with Lux Toilet Soap. Their exquisite skin *must* be protected—kept always at its loveliest. Clever girls everywhere take the screen stars' tip—win romance with soft, appealing skin. *Choked pores* cause Cosmetic Skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather guards against this danger. Use it before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

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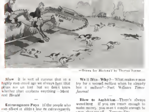
A little goes a longer way

In Fewer Words

How Many Thirds?—Although it's not yet twenty years since the end of the World War it is estimated that only about one third of the world population can remember it. One third was too young at the time to know anything about it, one third have been born since then and one third have died since.—Charlottetown *Patriot*

These Big Bugs—"Who is bearing the white man's burden today?" asks a lecturer. We'll have a guess: a golf caddie.—*The Humorist.*

No Condolences—It is said that an Ontario man who recently won $150,000 in an Irish sweepstake has been showered with congratulatory messages from a wide area. Win and the world wins with you; lose and you lose alone.—Brantford *Expositor*



—Drawn for Maclean's by Thomas Fazzee

Slow—It is sort of curious that in a highly motorized age we always hear that plans are on foot, but we don't know whether that explains anything.—Montreal *Herald*

Extravagance Pays—If the people who can afford it didn't live as extravagantly as they do, we people who can't afford it wouldn't live even as well as we do, asserts an exchange.—Sudbury *Star*

Let's Not Be Taken—A business genius is a man who knows the difference between being let in on a business deal and taken in on one.—Niagara Falls *Review.*

Bragging in Reverse—Another strange thing is the way a man stops bragging about the mileage on his car when he goes to trade it in.—Moncton *Transcript*

A Sure Sign—If a bride wishes people to think she has been married a long time let her carry the suitcase.—Prince Rupert *News*

Reward For Motorists—Someone has suggested that a reward be offered to sane drivers. The only reward anyone needs is a whole skin after a ride on a congested highway.—Victoria *Colonist*

Not Screen Lovers—There are some men who cannot assist a lady into a car without giving the impression they are loading a sack of potatoes.—Edmonton *Journal*

One Is Enough—Because everyone is so gabby in Markinch, Scotland, the local officials think one policeman is enough to watch its 3,000 busy inhabitants.—Vancouver *News Herald*

***Slow* by Comparison**—A motor-cyclist told the magistrate that his machine had been damaged by lightning. Most motor-cyclists of course manage to get in in front of lightning.—*Punch*

A Footless Remark—"The amateur conjurer is apt to talk too much when performing a simple trick," says a professional. Nevertheless a polite audience will pretend to enjoy the patter of his little feat.—*The Humorist*

We'll Bite, Why?—What makes a man try for a second million when he already has a million?—Fort William *Times Journal*

Blow to Ambition—There's always something. If you are smart enough to make money, you aren't simple enough to enjoy showing off.—Toronto *Star*

Perspective

Alack and alas I've often thought
Some chaps have far more than they ought
Their riches mock provokingly
My impecuniosity.
Tom makes a lucky market shot,
Dick's uncle dies and leaves a pot,
And Harry's always owned a yacht—
Things never break like that for me
Alack and alas.

Yet, I don't think the gods allot
Their gifts unfairly: they are not
Like me from excess taxes free
So on the whole I guess I'll be
Contented still with what I've got—
A lack—and a lass.
—Gordon Dustan.

The Real Thing—Vienna is the home of some world-famous nerve specialists but the Nazis are giving them competition.—Montreal *Star*

Not Only Professors—Someone is now telling a story about an absent-minded professor who sent his wife to the bank and kissed his money good-by. Why blame it on a professor?—Sarnia *Observer*

Recess is Due—If the darned English language means what it says, why the heck doesn't the drafted recession recess?—Montreal *Herald*

Modern Fairy Story—"I can't honestly recommend any hair restorer, sir," said the barber. "What I says is yer bald, yer bald, an' that's all there is to it."—Vancouver *News Herald*

Makes No Impression—Water off a duck's back is nothing to condemnation off a dictator's.—Hamilton *Spectator*

—Drawn for Maclean's by Henry Botsman

"I dinna have use for it any longer. I broke the record that came with it!"

Maybe Adam Laughed at These

Sleepy Town—A former resident was asking about the old town. "I understand they have a curfew law out there now," he remarked.

"No," his informant replied, "they did have one, but abandoned it."

"What was the matter?"

"The bell rang at nine o'clock, and almost everyone complained about being awakened!"—Ottawa *Citizen.*

Pie à la Breakfast—A travelling salesman stopped at a small Vermont hotel for breakfast. The waitress asked him what he'd like for his morning meal.

Salesman: "Have you cooked breakfast foods?"

Waitress: "Yes indeed."

Salesman: "What kinds have you?"

Waitress: "Open-face, criss-cross and covered—all apple."—Niagara Falls *Review*

Education Not Wanted—Every year college deans pop the routine question to the undergraduates: "Why did you come to college?"

Last fall one co-ed unexpectedly confided: "I came to be went with—but I ain't yet."—Farmer's *Advocate*

—Drawn for Maclean's by Bo Brown

Did you turn off the water in the bathroom?

A Nazi Joke—It appears that Dr. Schacht visited Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England, and requested a loan of £50,000,000.

"What is your security?" asked Mr. Norman.

"Well, underground we have our unexploited iron and coal, and above ground as a guarantee for this collateral we have our *Fuehrer.*"

"If you could reverse the conditions I might be able to accommodate you," replied the governor of the bank.—Moncton *Transcript*

Call For Romance—Friend: "Did you get any replies to your advertisement that a lonely maiden sought light and warmth in her life?"

Spinster: "Yes, two from an electric company and one from the gas company."—Ottawa *Journal*

Greek Novels—"Do you enjoy novel reading, Miss Prim?"

"Oh, very much. One can associate with people in fiction that one wouldn't dare to speak to in real life."—Portage la Prairie *Graphic*

—Drawn for Maclean's by Rey Roth

"I'm sorry, Madam, but 'Cross my heart and hope to die' is not considered an oath in this court."

Thoroughbreds

AJAX VON GRAF DANE bids fair to make dog history for this Harlequin Great Dane has already won 12 first, 20 second and 6 third prizes!

When Mrs. Gmul bought AJAX he was 6 weeks old. At his first showing in the Central Canada Exhibition he was adjudged the best puppy of any breed. Now at 2½ years he is 160 pounds of husky black and white Dane with a daily appetite for 2½ pounds of raw beef and cooked vegetables or 2 pounds of dog biscuits, raw eggs, milk, shredded wheat ... and liberal doses of Cod Liver Oil.

The patent box in which tobacco can be sealed

ALEXANDRA DANE

THIS WILL MAKE YOUR MOUTH WATER

LUSCIOUS, ripe, red strawberries and crisp golden-brown Shredded Wheat topped off with a generous serving of milk or cream. Nature's perfect flavor offerings, delicious, light, wholesome — a complete meal for the hottest days

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY LTD.
Niagara Falls Canada

Eat
SHREDDED WHEAT
MADE IN CANADA - OF CAN SAN WHEAT

ALWAYS eager to lend a helping hand to those in distress, *Parade* has gone to no end of trouble definitely to ascertain the officially correct pronunciation of the new name for our sister nation in the British Commonwealth which used to be known as the Irish Free State. This grave problem, disturbing many minds during the past few months, troubled one *Parade* correspondent, a lady of Westmount, P.Q., to such an extent that, after many sleepless nights, she decided to seek relief from the strain by pouring out her heartbreak in verse. Thus:

In friendship international to share
'S my clear
Desire
How can I—when I dare not speak of Eire
Or Eire
Or Eire?
Pronunciations are my bane and yet should I, though shy, re-
Fuse to voice a welcome to our sister land of Eire?
Attempts at this I hastily withdraw when with a stare, a
More confident companion says. "Do you perhaps mean Eire?"
Though new confusion mounting seems to justify a freer
Rendition still I'd hesitate to speak of it as Eire!
So please divulge before insanity results from "Eire
What is the name of the domain of Premier De Valera?

After so desperate an appeal immediate action was, of course, imperative. So we wrote to the Irish Legation at Washington, D.C., and received from Mr. Robert Brennan, Chargé d'Affaires, a courteous reply to the effect that:

"The correct pronunciation of 'Eire' is air-eh. The sound actually rhymes with Sarah."

On behalf of our Westmount rhymster, and all the quarter million readers of *Maclean's*, we tender sincere thanks to Mr. Brennan. He's done us a good turn, too. And he's done an especially good turn for three university professors. We asked all three of them how they pronounced "Eire." Each one gave us a different answer.

Another lady correspondent, this time from Westerose, Alta., is more than a trifle upset, too, but not about "Air-eh." A thrifty housewife and a good cook, her mind is troubled because of a sign she saw in a store window. On a carton filled with nicely wrapped packages were the words: "PALATABLE! NUTRITIOUS! DIGESTIBLE!" Close inspection showed that the packages contained razor blades. Now she is worried because all those years she has been throwing the darn things away.

◆

That *Parade* paragraph of May first about the remarkable Bingham family—father and four sons, all clergymen and all over six feet tall—has inspired two other *Parade* operatives to submit supplementary reports. Dr. W. H. Pedley, of Stirling, Ont., a physician himself, not a minister of the gospel, comes out boldly on behalf of the "Congregationalist Pedleys." The Rev. Charles Pedley, of St. John's, Newfoundland, the Stirling Dr. Pedley says, also had four sons, all clergymen. They were: Charles, of Woodstock and Barrie, Ont.; Hugh, of Winnipeg and Montreal; James, of Vancouver and Toronto; and Hilton, a missionary in Japan. Dr. Pedley admits, though, that there is an essential difference between the Binghams and the Pedleys. "The latter," he writes, "were short instead of tall."

Next, Mr. S. B. Edwards, of Saskatoon, tells of a family in England named Bevan with a record that tops them all, at least numerically. The Rev. J. A. Bevan, confides Mr. Edwards, had seven sons, all in the ministry. For good measure there was one [illegible] and she married a clergyman.

Victoria, B.C., vies with Halifax, N.S., for the reputation of being the most "English" city in Canada, and we rather fancy that in recent years Victoria has a bit the better of the argument. Citizens of that Pacific Coast beauty spot are more than a bit proud of their fame in this direction, considering it a distinction, but some of their neighbors seem to harbor a slight feeling of—shall we say resentment?—regarding the Englishness of Victoria as mere frontage for a snooty hauteur unworthy of the traditions of the brisk and hearty West Country. All of which explains this editorial paragraph snitched from the sprightly and outspoken Bridge River-Lillooet *News*, published at Lillooet, B.C.:

"In Victoria they call the gas stations 'petrol stations.' The beer parlors are called 'pubs.' The elevators are called 'lifts.' In a suburban area where there is rural mail delivery, many mail boxes carry names of retired army and naval officers, among them generals and admirals and commanders, colonels, majors and captains. There was a great deal of indignation kicked up when a citizen recently moved in, placed on his mail box his name, with the military rank, thus: 'Private John Smith.'"

◆

Montreal cinema tragedy exposed on double bill sign:

I MET MY LOVE AGAIN
and
SHE MARRIED AN ARTIST

He should never have left her the first time.

◆

Spring Wedding Novelty Department

The King (*Zog* of Albania) wore the white uniform while his bride wore a gown of white of a general of the Albanian army, satin lace with a V-shaped neck, the front embroidered with precious stones.
British Columbian, New Westminster, B.C.

Argyle McGugan presented Mr. and Mrs. Campbell with a purse of money on behalf of the gathering, Clarence Beattie presenting Howard with a wife on behalf of the Young People's Society of the United Church.
St. Thomas, Ont., *Times-Journal*

The bride . . . carried a bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley wearing silver slippers.
Prince Rupert, B.C., *Daily News*

WE HOPE YOU'LL BE VERY HAPPY!

We'd like very much to be in a position to render practical assistance to Mr. Joe Abel, of Ripley, Ont., but the situation he finds himself in is a most unusual one and demands extraordinary measures. Perhaps the Better Business Bureau might do something. We don't know. Anyway—

Mr. Joe Abel is a buyer of furs and wool from Indians living on the reserve near Southampton, Ont. He also has a right friendly business connection with trappers who supply him with furs from the Kincardine district. A month or so ago Mr. Joe Abel took a trip. Before he went he told all his business contacts to hold their furs for him until he returned. When he got back there wasn't a skin in sight, not even a single rabbit.

One of his Indian clients explained:

"You dead. Man say you dead. Tell me sure you dead. Me think you dead. Sell all my furs to man."

Mr. Joe Abel says he doesn't know what the world is coming to when first of all they kill you to get your business and then when you prove you're not dead all they do is laugh and say they're glad you're alive.

This is to certify that Mr. Joe Abel is not dead.

◆

It is traditional that tall stories come out of the West, where the tall wheat grows. With that in mind we present, entirely without guarantees, a report on the surgical achievement of Mrs. R. O'Hara, of Woodrow, Sask. The eminent and reliable *Leader-Post*, of Regina, published this case history first, crediting the story to its Woodrow correspondent, in whose veracity it has an abiding faith and the simple trust of a little child. Then the austere and cautious Canadian Press picked up the item, distributing it far and wide over its leased wires, but CP warily declined to accept responsibility, pinning that load on the Regina newspaper. So, per Canadian Press, via the Regina *Leader-Post*, via that journal's Woodrow correspondent, we proffer the account of a major operation performed by Mrs. O'Hara, who was on the spot when a marauding coyote raided her barnyard and bit a sizable chunk of white meat out of one of Mrs. O'Hara's most valuable prize turkeys. The bird was still living when Mrs. O'Hara chased the murderous coyote off the premises with a shotgun and, without delay, the resourceful lady grabbed an elderly hen for which she held no particular esteem, sacrificed it, and carved a slice of breast from the dead bird sufficient to cover the ravaged turkey's wounds. Then, with a needle and silk thread sterilized in a solution of boiling water and iodine, she completed a neat flesh-grafting job, sewing the hen meat on the turkey. "Today," avers the correspondent, "the prize turkey is strutting about as sound as ever, not a bit concerned about being part hen."

Don't quarrel with us in this matter. Address your comments to the Editor of the *Leader-Post*, Regina, Saskatchewan.

FIGHT THAT COLD THE MODERN WAY
"I USED TO BE A COLD VICTIM TOO AND MY COLDS WOULD DRAG ON AND ON"
"THEN ONE DAY MY COUSIN SUGGESTED THAT I TRY SAL HEPATICA. . ."
"BECAUSE HER DOCTOR TOLD HER TO CLEAR THE SYSTEM AND COMBAT ACIDITY IN TREATING A COLD"
"I DON'T HAVE BAD COLDS ANY MORE—SAL HEPATICA CHECKS THEM BEFORE THEY GET UNDER WAY."
Sal Hepatica
"WHAT A DIFFERENCE TWO TEASPOONFULS MAKE"

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE *Sal Hepatica?*

SAL HEPATICA'S DOUBLE ACTION

1. CLEANSES THE SYSTEM 2. COMBATS ACIDITY

Many physicians advise taking two "first steps" whenever a cold threatens:

1. Remove wastes from the intestinal tract.
2. Help Nature combat the acidity that frequently accompanies a cold.

And you can do both things at once by taking Sal Hepatica! Sal Hepatica is a pleasant, effective mineral salt laxative that not only removes wastes quickly and gently—but its alkaline (anti-acid) reaction helps Nature combat acidity, too.

So, whenever a cold comes your way, take two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. In addition, get plenty of rest and quiet, watch your diet, drink plenty of liquids—go to bed and call a doctor if your cold is severe. ¶ Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica *today* and check your cold before it takes hold.

Sal Hepatica THE MINERAL SALT LAXATIVE THAT HELPS NATURE COMBAT ACIDITY

Maclean's

Canada's National Magazine

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Maclean's Editorials

The National Press

THE Attorney-General of Ontario, Honorable Gordon P. Conant, in a recent speech urged Canada jealously to guard its national press.

> "Our geographic position and our community of language," said Mr. Conant, "have resulted in the flooding of Canada with American publications which are of necessity different in their complex and present an aspect not always in accord with our conditions and our national aspirations. I feel very strongly that we should by every possible means lend encouragement to Canadian journalism and Canadian literature to the end that while commerce may flow in ever increasing volume between these two great nations, we shall not in any way subvert our Canadian nationalism to that of any other nation."

Similar sentiments are expressed every day by leaders of thought throughout the Dominion. Yet the Ottawa Government still denies to Canadian national publications full equality with periodicals imported from the United States. It is true that, after considerable tardiness, the Government did alleviate some of the preposterous handicaps it placed upon the Canadian publisher. But it continues to collect duties and taxes on certain articles which enter into magazine production in Canada and which, as part of the finished imported magazine, enter Canada free.

Why this should be, when the Prime Minister and his colleagues are stressing the need for national unity, is beyond the comprehension of Canadians in every section of the country.

Mr. Purvis' Warning

CANADIANS who have heard Arthur B. Purvis, Chairman of the National Employment Commission, speak—and he has spoken in every province—have been impressed by the sincerity, action, common sense and business sense of the man who for more than eighteen months without remuneration has unstintedly applied himself to the solution of our unemployment problem.

Mr. Purvis is not one of the run of after-luncheon viewers with alarm. When he utters a warning it is one to be seriously heeded.

His warning is that if in these times when trade and employment indices are nearly as high as they were in the boom days of 1929 a remedy cannot be found for unemployment and distress, when the next depression comes there may be let loose forces beyond the ability of the nation to control.

Convinced that unemployment can only be reduced by the training of men for ultimate absorption by private industry, knowing the failure of costly government works programs to solve the problem, the Employment Commission has made these recommendations to the Dominion Government:

> Abolish "en masse" treatment and substitute treatment based on a breakdown of the problem into the specific kinds of distress involved.
>
> Abandon large, indiscriminate and wasteful grants of public funds. Substitute specific grants for specific remedial purposes.
>
> A Dominion-wide program embracing a multiplicity of local attacks on local unemployment and relief situations, with the object of increasing the employability of those on relief, and of taking care of those definitely unemployable.
>
> Establishment at once of a modernized employment service to bring the man to the job and the job to the man.

And to ensure the practicability of these plans Mr. Purvis asks for the full co-operation of Canadian business and industry.

That co-operation ought to be forthcoming from every businessman who faces heavier and heavier taxation if "the Government owes us a living" policies are allowed to persist.

The task of rehabilitation is one for these days of comparative prosperity. Mr. Purvis, we believe, has "sold his plan" to business, labor and the public generally.

It awaits implementation by the Government which cannot be blind to the logic of Mr. Purvis' warning.

Canada's War History

AFTER EIGHTEEN years, the proofs of the first volume of Canada's Official War History are in the hands of the Deputy Minister of Defense. It covers the Dominion's war effort up to September, 1915.

Eight volumes were planned. If it takes as long to compile the remaining seven as it did to compile the first, the last volume will be ready in the year A.D. 2063.

It will be ready for the great-grandchildren of the present survivors of the Canadian Expeditionary Force.

The first volume of Australia's Official War History was being read in Canada thirteen years ago. The eleventh volume was published in 1928.

The British Official History, edited by Sir John Fortescue, was published years ago.

Only God and a few bureaucrats know the reason for the delay in the case of Canada's contribution. It is rumored that there was some difficulty over conscription and how the Quebec angle should be treated. But even were that true it doesn't explain a single volume in eighteen years.

To the many thousands of Canadian war veterans who have given up hope of ever reading the official record of their achievements, an explanation is due.

START YOUR KITCHEN WITH A

MOFFAT

ELECTRIC RANGE AND ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

TODAY'S trends in home improvement [illegible] into the kitchen where the women of today want comfort, utility, economy of effort, pleasant surroundings — an atmosphere in which they can take great pride, experience much joy. Engineers, architects and home decorators everywhere are giving great attention to this development, so that today every Canadian housewife can readily secure expert kitchen planning advice.

Enjoy a Planned Kitchen of your own. Plan it around a modern Moffat Electric Range and Refrigerator. They are the keys to every successful and economical design. Whether your need be large or small, there is a model to suit every purse, a style to fit into any kitchen arrangement. And Moffat Cooking equipment is the most modern and efficient ever developed to give perfect cooking and baking satisfaction. See the Moffat Ranges and Refrigerators at your dealers. Learn how easy it is to own them.

Free! Write for booklet on Kitchen Modernization by Moffat and discover how you, too, can have a planned kitchen. This book sent free describes all the many features of a modern electric kitchen and offers much valuable advice and suggestions by Moffat engineers. It tells you how your own kitchen can be planned along modern lines. For over 50 years Moffats have been leaders in building efficient, economical cooking equipment—now Moffats Kitchen Planning Service takes the lead—Write today.

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Your Baker brings you Daily Treats Fresh and Clean in Sparkling Packages

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Choose baked goods put up this modern way.

Young Johnny Microbe
was a brat,
Ate too much cake—and
things like that.
Now "Cellophane" keeps
him at bay—
His stomach aches the
other way!

Cellophane
TRADE MARK
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